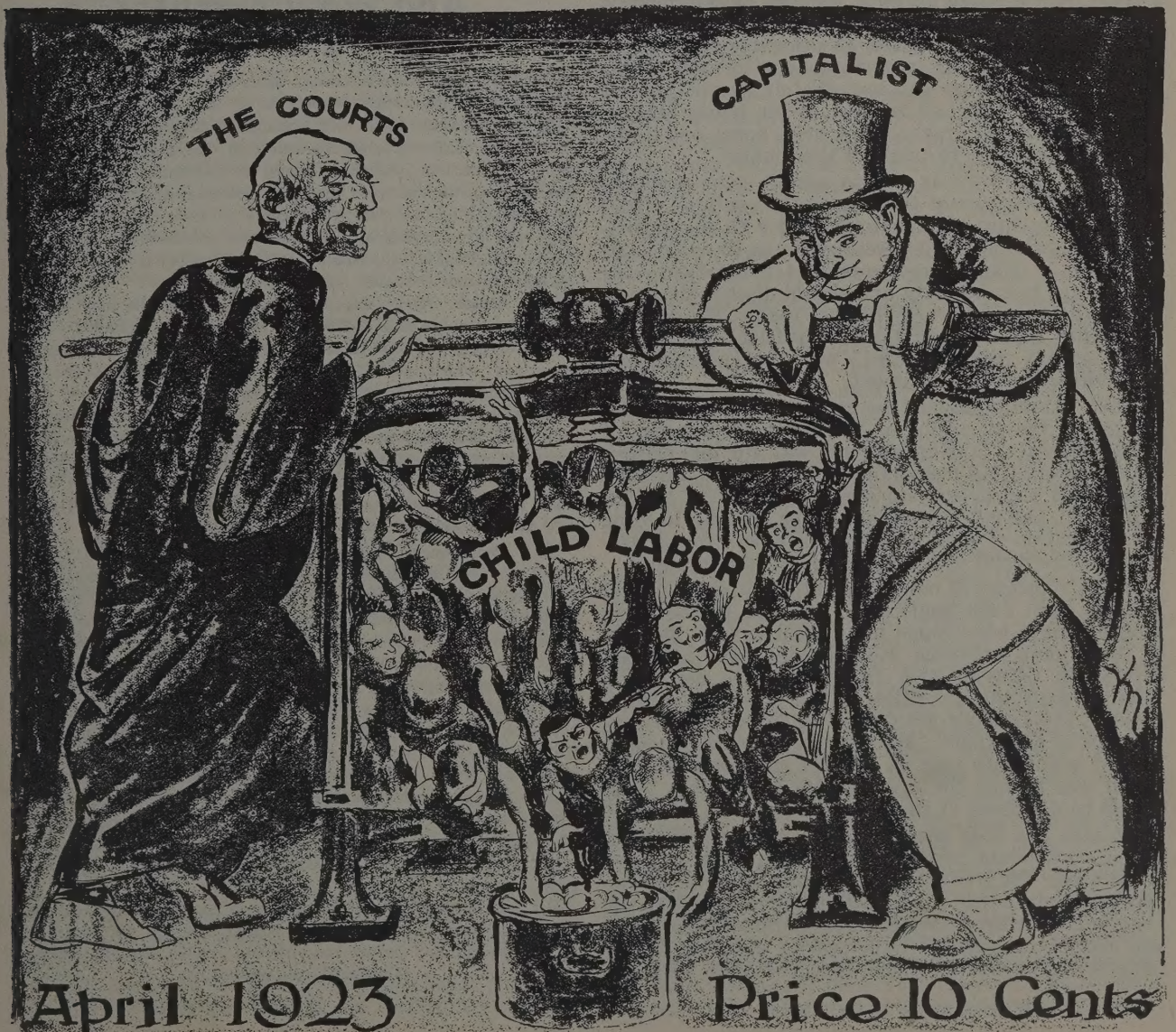


The Young Worker

Official Organ of the



Young Workers League



April 1923

Price 10 Cents

The Coming Convention

By BARNEY MASS

HAIL the Young Workers' League! In Convention! This convention will mark the second birthday of the League.

Reviewing our past, we witness many mistakes, but splendid accomplishments. Under severe handicaps, the climb has been continuously uphill. However, despite the conditions under which the Young Workers have worked, we feel the success we have met with, worth while boasting of. Mistakes have profited us by enlarging our experience. Wisdom has come through observation of the oldtime adage: "People make mistakes but smart people never make the same mistake twice." This coincides somewhat with our motto: "Clarity and Action." It is well always to remember this, when carrying on work in our respective Leagues.

Having cleared our decks for action, it is essential that all Leagues, possibly able to do so, send delegates to the National Convention. These delegates meet together there with the most militant comrades in the League, representing different sections of the country, and thus obtain general ideas as to League activities throughout the land. There, all delegates receive constructive criticism and acquaintance with various tactics. This knowledge can immediately be put into effect when the delegate returns to his home League, thereby proving of great advantage at home, and if methodically followed, throughout the country.

At this moment it is well to submit some problems requiring discussion at the coming Convention. First, local memberships must be impressed with the importance of regulating their meetings so as to avoid inattentance. Experienced comrades understand the reasons for this difficulty and should discuss the question with a view to remedying the trouble. The writer's experience has been that an insufficient number of meetings has tended toward weak organization and little efficient accomplishment.

Next, attention should be so directed as to devise means for the attraction of the Youth, in the way of social activities, thus opening the way for real organizational work. As members of the Y. W. L. all must understand and appreciate our obligations to the organization, and get into action. Thus, all keep in mind the application of such tactics as have been found worthy, and the result is a militant functioning group.

In the structure of our organization, a few technical matters have been neglected. Leagues in the same territory have been found unacquainted with the fact of the other's existence. Negotiations have not been carried on between such Leagues, hence neither is familiar with the activities of the other. Therefore, some of the Leagues are unable to benefit by the experience of the others. We must remedy this quickly. It is of importance that we prepare constructive ideas which will benefit the organization and these ideas should be discussed at the Convention.

An idea has been advanced by some comrades that a song book would prove of great aid in advancing our social work. The writer is of the same opinion. Let me venture to state that a majority of the members of the League cannot even sing the International! This song and many others should be known by everyone in the League. At social meetings, locally staged, we have

experienced great difficulty in having some of the members sing some songs suitable for the occasion. Songs, it is agreed, put more 'pep' into the meeting and put the audience in a pleasant mood before hearing the speaker. Many other arguments can be advanced in support of the publication of a Song Book. If this subject is given proper consideration, I am very confident of its success.

It may prove difficult for some of the Leagues to send a delegate, because of financial difficulties. If the Leagues get busy and have the W. P. co-operate with them in staging meetings, dances, socials and other entertainments, they will be able to raise the necessary funds to send delegates.

ONWARD, Comrades! Let's make this Convention a HUNDRED PER CENT SUCCESS!

Let's show the spirit that prevails in our ranks! We have taken the initiative in many instances already, and this should prove a test of our ability.

Hearty greetings and best wishes that all Leagues may prove successful in sending delegates to this, our **Y. W. L. CONVENTION!**

And What Further?

By EYEGLASS

THEY are entirely wrong, those comrades who are of the opinion that a conference of all the Jewish branches of our League would not accomplish much. What is there in a conference, others will ask. In short, it means as follows: The last Jewish National Propaganda Committee of our League, discussing at one of its meetings the matter of how to go on further with its work, came to the conclusion that the best way of carrying on our activities successfully among the Jewish working youth, would be the calling of a Conference of all the Jewish branches of the League. Why? It's quite a simple matter. To this conference would come the most active, the most capable and the best of our Jewish comrades. Such a Conference would be able to solve best all the the specific questions which stand before our Jewish branches in their activities among the Jewish working masses. Such a Conference would be able to find the best ways and means, and would be able to work out the best possible plans of how to carry on our propaganda and agitation among the Jewish young workers. And every decision made by the Conference would have to be in fullest harmony with the decisions arrived at by our national convention.

This Conference would also be able to recommend to the N. E. C. such comrades for the Jewish National Propaganda Committee who would really understand and carry out the duties of such a committee, and would not make a caricature of our work as all the former three committees have done. And why not be frank with ourselves? Isn't it a fact that one of the most important reasons why all the former National Propaganda Committees did not function well and did not accomplish much was because most of their members not only were incapable of attending to their duties, but did not even understand them. The Jewish section of the former "American Labor Alliance" which appointed the first Jewish National Propaganda Committee, and the NEC, which appointed the rest of them, were not so well acquainted with the comrades as to know if they would be the right ones and were in the right place.

We feel a great need for active and capable comrades; and it may happen that even at our utmost exertion we might not be able to get any better ones for the Jewish National Propaganda Committee.

(Continued on page 10.)

THE YOUNG WORKER

Published at 2517 Fullerton Ave. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. The Young Workers League of America, publishers, "Entered as second-class matter September 17, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879."

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1923

No. 4.

Child Labor in America

By DAVID AREINOFF

The sun is kissing my sister to-day,
Out where the breezes blow,
The buttercups nod to my sister to-day,
Out where the breezes blow,
And my sisters laugh as they bend to the breezes,
Laugh with the orioles high in the trees,—
Out where the breezes blow.

Oh, little sister, laugh once for me,
Out where the breezes blow.
Laugh for the gladness that died in me,—
Out where the breezes blow.
Laugh—for I cannot—it chokes me too,—
They have now shackled a loom to you,
Out where the breezes blow.

THE question of child labor is one of extreme importance to the workers of America. Capitalism with its mania for profits and the automatic machine has drawn the child into the vortex of industrialism. The children of the working class are in an increasing degree being dragged into the mill, the factory, mine and plantation; they are being sold to the Juggernaut of profit for a mess of pottage. There they must not dream of pleasure, of open countries, of fields and play; they must work, work and work. No more may the poet sing of them as "barefoot boys with cheeks of tan.... kissed by the strawberries on the hill." No, "they are Robots—meek, uneducated, unthinking and unimaginative slaves of the machine."

A recent report of Owen R. Lovejoy, the "Children's Statesman", shows the surprising extent to which child labor exists in America. There is no national child labor law in America since the Supreme Court declared the Federal Child Labor Law of 1919 unconstitutional last May. In this way the robed gentleman of the bench aligned themselves with the capitalists of the nation on the question of child labor. All over the country child labor is used to a large degree. There are almost two and a half million child workers in the United States. They are employed in the farming, mining and industrial districts. According to the census of 1910

12.9% of S. Carolina's wage-earners in factories were children.	
11.3% of N. Carolina's	" " " " "
3.5% of Massachusetts'	" " " " "
3.3% of Pennsylvania's	" " " " "
1.5% of Illinois'	" " " " "
0.8% of New York's	" " " " "

To these must be added the host of children who work at home, in the offices and on the streets. In the South agriculture absorbs a great number of children; the 1920 census shows that 61 per cent are child laborers. This means that hundreds of thousands of children of school age are kept out of school for several months each year with the resultant retardation and illiteracy.

To the employer of child labor, the value of the child lies in the immediatent profit his employment brings

over that of the adult. The child as a producer is worth so much in dollars and cents,—for the sweetest music to the capitalist is the click of the cash register. The children are condemned to a life of misery and toil because it is cheaper to hire them. Moreover, the employing class sees to it that the government does not interfere, for in Georgia 12-year old children may be worked 10 hours a day—60 hours a week, in woolen and cotton mills, and from sunrise to sunset in other factories. Children of 14 may be worked all night. In North Carolina children of 14 may be worked 11 hours a day—60 hours a week. In Utah boys over 14 may be worked an unlimited number of hours, and children at any age in the factories. In Mississippi, a state notorious for illiteracy and lynching, boys of 12 may be worked in mills, factories and canneries.

In the period between 1916 and 1919 the National Child Labor Committee made an investigation of oyster and shrimp canneries along the Gulf Coast and found "more than 300 children under 14 years of age, some as young as 5 and 6, at work in cold, damp, drafty sheds, their hands cut by sharp oyster shells, shrimp thorns and the knives which they used in the work."

Many children work in mines. In an anthracite coal mining district 519 boys under 14 years of age were found working in the breakers and 137 under 16 were working underground. In Pennsylvania and West Virginia young boys were used by the coal barons to break the strike of the United Mine Workers.

Philadelphia Bureau of Compulsory Education reported that about 1,044 children were absent from one school district during September and October of last year due to working on the cranberry bogs in New Jersey. Not all labor is on the farm as tenement labor.

In thirty-seven states only some municipalities have regulated street trades; and in more than half of the states of the Union there are no laws at all of this nature. Owen Lovejoy says "A girl of 13 was reported by a Newark, N. J. school principal as frequently missing school. An agent of the National Child Labor Committee found her at six o'clock in the far corner of a dimly lighted room embroidering on a black dress, outlined in black pencil. For this dress, elaborately embroidered, she receives 90 cents, furnishing her own silk at a cost of 60 cents. It takes her 2 or 3 days to embroider a dress. Her mother remarked "It's a pity she has to go to school." This girl is a concrete example of thousands of other children in this country.

In September, 1914, 724,833 children were enrolled in the elementary schools of New York City. During the calender year ending June, 30, 1915, the Bureau of Attendance issued 4,655 newspaper badges, and during the same period the Department of Health issued 34,980 work permits to New York children. Thus over 5 per cent of the registered children had secured permis-

sion to work. Almost all the children are found in vicious surroundings and health-destroying environments.

In a study made in Michigan of 594 wage-earning boys and 175 girls very surprising results were obtained by the National Child Labor Committee. 63 per cent of the boys were employed in street trades, 4/5 of this being newspaper-vending. The remainder were working in factories, bowling alleys, offices, etc. Eighty per cent of the girls were doing domestic work. A fourteen-year old girl was employed as a watcher at a railroad crossing. 75 per cent of the newsboys were under 14 years of age and 7 per cent under 10. 82 per cent of the girls were under 14 years. One news-boy 14 years old and weighing 100 lbs. once a week carried 75 lbs. of papers for a half mile before he began to distribute them over a two-mile route. During the week his load was half as much.

Child Labor originated in the United States with the introduction of the factory system in the first quarter of the 19th century. Early writers on economic subjects, as Alexander Hamilton, favored the employment of children in factories. The small children were drawn from the schools into the factories just as soldiers are drafted into the army.

A North Carolina manufacturer said in 1905 that it was an insult to the manufacturers to have the management of their property vested in the superintendent of schools when it was demanded that a boy under 14 should not work in a factory if he could not read or write. He said that this "takes the management of their property out of their hands and puts it in the hands of the county superintendent of education, who knows as much concerning the needs or best interests of a factory as a billy goat knows about fishing."

During the war, the nation was astounded by the illiteracy which was found to exist. When in Oklahoma children as young as 5 years are found regularly picking cotton while the average attendance at school is only a little more than one-half of the enrollment, and in California children of 4, 5 and 6 years of age pick cotton in the Imperial Valley and in Colorado five thousand children between the ages of 5 and 15 are found engaged regularly in the beet industry, ignorance and vice are sure to exist!

There is a "high cost of child labor" to the proletariat. The children pay dearly for their earnings. They cannot escape the deadening effects of long hours of labor, monotonous toil, lack of proper recreation, loss of education and vicious environment. It is the price they pay! Mill and factory processes involve the muscles in endless repetitions of a few motions that destroy the growing child. From the results of repeated fatigue the children can never recover. Accidents are great in number; the proportion of lives lost in the mining industry is appalling; the boys endanger the lives of the miners, as in the Cherry mine disaster of 1902, when 259 lives were lost in part thru the carelessness of two 15-year old boys. The children are not equipped to care for themselves in modern industry. The loss of education can never be replaced. From a healthy, normal child, the little boy is transformed into a work-beast, brutal and ignorant. Capitalism forces the child to work or starve as figures of the undernourished children in the Borough of Manhattan, N. Y. C. show. (Childrens Bureau Publication No. 59.)

In 1914	5%	of the children	were undernourished
" 1915	6%	" " " "	" "
" 1916	12%	" " " "	" "
" 1917	21%	" " " "	" "

The children are compelled to leave school and enter the factory. The child is prepared for "junk", the cast-off. It is significant that according to the N. Y. Sun of May 31, 1914, 140 men out of 2,000 at the New York Municipal Lodging House were unschooled and 1,000 had left school before the age of 14. Child labor breeds an inferior race of men, and capitalism is to blame! It takes the children of the proletariat and twists and deadens and maims and destroys them. It throws them upon the waste heap of human life. The vicious circle of Capitalism has the vicious circle of child labor within it. There is no end to it. Child labor, long hours, low standard of living, poverty, ignorance and crime are usually the gamut of life of the child worker.

The liberals and the government may investigate and debate and propose, but it will be the working class, that will solve the problem. We the youth of the proletariat must work head and shoulders to end the menace of child labor. The youth must awaken the adult worker to the danger and evil of child labor. It is we, the young people, who are being exploited by the capitalists. It is no mere fancy or academic discussion. Our flesh and blood is in the rack. We must work shoulder to shoulder, arm to arm, mind to mind, to set the present economic system toppling. When the workers become class conscious and recognize the brutalities of capitalism, they will throw the whole edifice over and build a new system in which everything will be clean, noble and alive. We will then build the Communist order of society in which profit will be unknown. That is the only solution of the problem of child labor.

FROM OUR SIBERIAN YOUNG COMRADES.

Vladivostok, Siberia, January 23, 1923.

Dear Comrades:—

Through the Friends of Soviet Russia we were informed of your existence, and we send you our comradely greetings.

We would like to exchange papers with you. We would be thankful to you if you would send us a detailed description of the Young Workers League.

Fraternally yours,

—Editor of "Krasny Malodnyka" (Red Youth.)

WINNIPEG Y. W. L. DISTRIBUTES LEAFLETS CALLING CANADIAN YOUTH TO FIGHT AGAINST WAR.

No time has been lost by the Canadian Y. W. L. in informing the working class youth of that country the true nature of the impending war. The Young Workers League of Winnipeg has issued a leaflet which is very effective in the manner it points out the danger of war and what a conflict would mean to the working class youth. This leaflet, we are informed, was widely distributed both in school and on the job.

"The Working-class of Germany, France, U. S. A., Britain, Canada, Australia and South Africa have no reason to fight among themselves," declare our Canadian comrades, "but have every reason to fight, at every opportunity, the gang of robbers that enslaves them.

"The Young Workers League declares that the young workers of Canada have no interest in the coming war and calls upon them to stand shoulder to shoulder with their fathers and brothers in the trade unions and working-class political parties to prevent another war for the interests of those who own the wealth of the country and exploit the workers."

Fayette County--Reign of Horror

By MARTIN ABERN

ON a bitterly cold February day, with a biting wind to add to the frigidity of the weather, Comrade Max Lerner, Field Organizer of the Workers Party, Joe Guisel of Footedale, Pa., fighting miner and leader of the locked-out and betrayed Fayette miners, and myself set off to visit the miners' camps.

Thousands of miners have been evicted from their homes. Thousands of miners and their families are living through these cold winter days in tents, with the frozen earth as the only floor. Entire families can be found living in ordinary chicken coops. Thousands of others live in stables and hastily improvised tiny shacks and huts.

We went into many of these "homes." In them were to be found a few rags a pillow or two, some old mattress, a few boxes for chairs, perchance a rickety bed. In such, in chicken coops, in huts in which one could but take a few steps to reach the end six, eight, 10 persons were to be found living. Miner, wife, children—cold, ragged, hungry. This is what the policy of Lewis (President of the United Mine Workers of America) brings to the miners!

In one shack we entered, we found a family of twelve. Ten children between the ages of about three and eleven. Hungry? Is a starving man hungry? All these thousands of miners and the women and children are hungry—but they won't give up! A baby had died a few hours before and the miners were wondering what the cost would be to bury the happier dead babe. Where would they get the money to pay? The Lewis' machine denies assistance to the Fayette miners, leaves the miners to their own resources, and only when compelled through pitiless publicity and fear, furnishes aid to the miners and families. The groceryman, who has been giving credit to the miners, cannot do so much longer unless his bills are paid. Some bills, presented to Feeney by Joe Guisel on behalf of the miners, had not yet been paid. Feeney, Lewis' henchman, doesn't like to see these militant miners telling him and his kind to pay bills and to try to make up for their treachery. The bills have once again been sent to Lewis' headquarters. What will he do? Such an uproar is going up in the ranks of the U. M. W. of A. at his traitorous act toward the Fayette miners, that in fear of a rebellion against him, he may order the bills paid.

A few words for the young workers who may be unacquainted with the facts leading up to the Fayette betrayal. Fayette County, Pa., as a section of the coking coal district of Pennsylvania. When the United

Mine Workers of America called their strike last April, the miners of Fayette County, who were unorganized then, walked out with the U. M. W. of A. miners and together stood out solidly as one man. Then, when the miners' strike was called off in September by John Lewis, President, in the name of the U. M. W. of A., but in his actions, for the coal and steel operators, Lewis signed an agreement with the coal operators, and to the amazement of all, left the Fayette miners out of the agreement. They deserted the men who had joined with the U. M. W. of A. and who had fought through the entire strike. One of the rankest betrayals and stool-pigeon acts in all the history of the American

labor movement! A great uproar and protest went up against this dirty action of Lewis. Lewis, capitalist tool, declared at first that help would be given to the Fayette miners. A little relief was first given, yet not enough. The U. M. W. of A. levied an assessment of two dollars per member for two months for the benefit of the Fayette miners. This would have brought 2 million dollars for their relief. This, excepting an insignificant amount, has not been paid to the Fayette miners!

But Lewis proceeded to even rottener acts. Recently he called off the strike of the Fayette miners and had the gall to tell them to go back to work, declaring that the U. M. W. could no longer



A bird's-eye view of the tent colony in Fayette County, Workers, their wives and children are here forced to live in chicken coops, flimsy tents and ramshackle huts because they did not want to betray their fellow unionists.

support these fighting striking miners. He was telling them to go back to work at any terms they could obtain. Thus he was handing them over helpless, bound hand and foot to the steel barons of Pennsylvania.

The miners were incensed at Lewis' rotten actions. Forced to abandon the strike and return to their jobs! But deciding to obey the Lewis' order, they applied for their old jobs. They were all turned down. The operators had locked the miners out! Lewis and his henchmen, Feeney and O'Leary, had done exactly what the coal operators would wish to have done.

The above are some very prosaic statements. Here are some more. They tell the treachery of John Lewis, Feeney, and others of their yellow stripe.

On January 30, 1923, a committee representing the Fayette miners sought relief at Terre Haute, Ind., the seat of the Indiana district, and were denied assistance. Joe Guisel, militant miner, at a meeting of the International Executive Board at Springfield, Ill., on February 1st, charged Feeney and O'Leary with betrayal of and treachery to the miners, and that they desired to split the U. M. W. of A. Feeney, replying, said full relief was being given the miners—a palpable lie since a week before he had cut it to one-third.

Yet Lewis may have to reverse his entire actions.



Close Up View of a Fayette County "Castle." Notice How Happy the Children Are.

The strong sentiment aroused against his cowardly act may result in his calling the strike on again and throwing the strength of the U. M. W. of A. behind the Fayette miners. If this happens, this will not be because of the desires of this carrion and vulture, but because of the rank and file of the U. M. W. of A. and the pressure from members of organized labor outside the U. M. W. of A. compel Lewis to do so to save temporarily his bending neck.

But another game would be more to Lewis's liking. Lewis, capitalist tool, tells Fayette miners to go back to work and to pay their dues into the U. M. W. of A.! How? When there is no work and hence no money to pay dues? In truth, the Lewis machine desires a split in the U. M. W. of A., an "outlaw" movement; thus, by removing the militant elements, Lewis and his gang would make certain of their jobs and power. The Steel Corporation also wants to see the United Mine Worker split. It would be ready to receive the Fayette miners back to work as an independent union. But the Fayette miners will not secede. They will not play into the hands of this contemptible scoundrel, Lewis, and his fellow reptiles, Feeney and O'Leary, and thus, too, into those of the Steel Corporation. They know the dangers and hells of a secession movement. The Fayette miners want all the miners solidly united against the steel and coal barons and against the corrupt Lewis machine.

But NOW—children are freezing, children are starving, children are sick and dying in Fayette County. But the miners, and their courageous wives say: "We won't, we can't go back to work except as bona fide members of the U. M. W. of A. and under the same terms as Lewis signed for the other members of the union. We won't let the steel crowd both work us and starve us. We're going to hang on till we win."

The courage of these men and women defies description. Something is deadly rotten in a society which starves such big men and women, which kills little children. Capitalism offers to these miners, to all workers, to all children—slavery, starvation, horrible death. That is why these miners are determined that capitalism, which is responsible for such conditions, shall go. That is why the Lewis' Gompers' and the lesser fry, the Feeneys are going to be kicked out of

their positions of leadership, which they use to betray workers and to sell them out to the capitalists.

Yet all these miseries and betrayals arise out of the same rotten source—capitalism. A system which demands production for profit, not for social and collective needs and uses. A system in which men sell their labor for mere animal existence and leave the remainder of their labors to the non-producing gluttonous capitalist class. There is nothing new about Fayette County—it is capitalism, which is robbery and drudgery.

Fayette County—Region of Horror. Fayette County, where the Steel Corporation reigns supreme, where the beastly Cossacks, called State Constabulary, break up workers meetings and shoot down workers on strike. Fayette County, where children cry for food and gaunt men and women are sad and desperate because they cannot feed their hungry children—yes, we, young workers, all workers, must help the fighting Fayette miners in their magnificent struggle against the steel barons. **WE WILL HELP the Fayette miners.** They need help, money for the other workers. The battle of Fayette County must be won!

The workers of America will not permit the workers and children of Fayette County to starve and to lose their battle against the bosses. We must give not only to save the Fayette miners, but to save ourselves.

Capitalist corruption extends every where. Fayette County is but showing a very ugly side of capitalism. Fayette County is becoming United States-Fayette County. So we must help these miners and their families. But, all our help will be in vain **UNLESS** we learn the lesson of Fayette County! That what is to-day in Fayette County is capitalism; that never can Fayette's or other workers' problems be solved unless we take up the struggle against the cause of the hell and misery and starvation of the working class—capitalism; unless we organize and educate to overthrow capitalism and to replace it with a workers society, producing not for profits, but for the use of all workers—a communist society.

Always must we come to the defense of our fellow workers in distress! Meantime, the workers of Fayette County and other places are learning through horrible experiences that **IF THEY WANT TO LIVE, CAPITALIST SOCIETY MUST DIE!**

Send Relief Contributions to:
**FAYETTE COUNTY MINERS RELIEF
COMMITTEE**

35 Miller St.,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORKERS' IDO FEDERATION ISSUE PICTURE OF LENIN WHEN SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

The Workers' Ido Federation have had some pictures made of Lenin at the age of 16. They sell for ten cents a copy. Several thousand of these pictures can be obtained from A. Rostrom, secretary, Workers' Ido Federation, 7616 Tioga St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
There is no hope for the working class,
For the time is fast approaching
When we'll feel the Power of the Mass.
Labor is powerful, strong and mighty,
And tho destined to forbear its might
Soon shall up, and with great gusto
Condemn the Wrong, proclaim the Right.

—Sar-ah Mehlman.

Canada's Red Youth

By O. CARLSON

I HAVE often been desirous of getting on better terms with my friends on the other side of the border. Somehow or other I have always felt that Canada was a place where big things were done. In the days of old, many of my associates as well as myself, looked upon the Socialist Party of Canada as the finest and clearest expression of the revolutionary working class on the North American continent. More than that, I knew of the great influence which that organization had at one time had on the workers of Western Canada. I knew of the remarkable struggle that the workers of Winnipeg had put up in 1919 during the strike there; and I knew of the wonderful fighting spirit that was to be found among the miners of Nova Scotia. All this, in brief, made me feel that I was going to meet some live young workers at the first National Convention of the Young Workers League of Canada, which was held on Sunday, February 26, 1923, in Toronto, and to which I was being sent as representing the Young Workers League of America.

We gathered in one of the small halls at the national headquarters of the Workers Party. The room was cold and none too light. But what do such things matter to such a valiant group of young rebels that had assembled to launch the organization that will rally the working class youth of Canada for the struggle against Capitalism. There were ten regular delegates, representing leagues in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Timmins, Cobalt, Markham, Green Valley, Sault Ste. Marie and Creighton Mine as well as three fraternal delegates from the Workers Party of Canada and myself.

Comrade A. T. Hill, who had been in charge of the National Bureau for the league until the time of the convention, reported that there were approximately 400 good-standing members in the organization; and that with few exceptions, all the leagues were represented at this first convention. The tasks of the Bureau had been to carry on the preliminary work of organization, and this had been done. Now the time had come when the membership of the organizations must take charge of the work themselves.

The fraternal representatives were then requested to address the convention. I had the pleasure of being

the first to do so. Not only did I convey greetings and best wishes to our Canadian comrades, but I outlined some of the work and obstacles which we had been confronted with in the States. This, I told them, should help them to make a better start than we had.

Comrade Bell, representing the Workers Party of Canada, told the delegates that the Canadian Party had at last become aware of the importance of a youth movement, and as a result, was ready to help them to the fullest extent. In the Party convention, just completed, they had spent considerable time in discussing the youth problem.

They were ready to work with the young comrades on the basis of organizational independence and political subordination of the League to the Party. He stressed the need of co-operation between the two organizations as well as the special tasks that confronted the revolutionary youth of Canada.

Following these speeches and the report of the Provisional Bureau as the membership, status, and active organization that rouse assembled to launch the ities of the Leagues up to the time of the convention, Comrade Mrs. Gustanes, who had just returned from an extended trip throughout Europe and had here been present at the meetings of the various international Communist

Congresses in Moscow, gave a most interesting report on what the young Communists of Russia and other countries were doing. She told of her discussions with Schueller, a member of the Executive Committee of the Young Communist International and how he had stressed the need of developing a militant movement among the young on this side of the Atlantic.

"A mass movement of the young, embracing all youthful workers and proletarian students, that is what we must strive for," were the words of Schueller, according to Mrs. Gustanes. She further told of the need for reaching the children, too. By combining work with play, she thought we could accomplish the maximum of good. Activity above all should distinguish the younger organizations from those of the adults.

Then came the election of committees and adjournment for eats. When we reconvened the committee on Program, Manifesto and Resolutions was the first to report. It recommended that the basic points which

To the Young Workers League of America

The Convention of the Young Communist League of Canada sends greetings to its sister League in the United States. In the interest of our common task, we desire close relationship between the two Leagues to the end that we can march shoulder to shoulder in our struggle against capitalism.

Long live the Young Communist International!

Long live the Young Workers League of America!

it submitted be accepted as the basis for the Manifesto and the Program, but that the National Executive Committee, in conjunction with the CEC of the Party complete the same.

The manifesto is to be in simple language and deals primarily with the economic, social and political conditions of the working class youth of Canada. A special manifesto on Anti-Militarism, dealing more specifically with the invasion of the Ruhr by France and the delicate international situation, was also presented. Both of these were adopted with but little discussion.

The program will be short; and is rather one of principles than a complete outline of the various kinds of work to be undertaken by the League. Possibly the most important thing about it was that it declared for direct affiliation with the Young Communist International (from which greetings to the convention had been received) and calling the League the **YOUNG COMMUNIST LEAGUE OF CANADA**. There was a considerable amount of discussion on this point, but it was accepted by a **unanimous** vote. Hence, from now on our Canadian comrades are to be known as the Young Communist League of Canada and not merely as the Young Workers of Canada. In reference to this point, I can say that I spoke for and urged the change of name.

Various resolutions on Education as well as many other important points were also adopted. The Constitution, modelled somewhat after the fashion of ours, placed the minimum age limit at 15 years, with no maximum. The National Executive Committee shall consist of five members. No reference to foreign language branches is made in their constitution, but it was understood that when a group of young workers cannot be organized into an English speaking group

that it is permissible for them to use the language they understand until such time as they have mastered the English language.

Many other matters were taken up, which need not be mentioned here. Then came the election of the National Executive Committee, which consists of Comrades Hill, Roberts, Alquist, Rosen and Steinberg plus one member appointed by the Central Executive Committee of the Workers Party of Canada. Their national headquarters will be located in Toronto.

The meeting closed with short speeches by various delegates. Everyone felt that much work had been accomplished, with a minimum amount of debate. Nearly every delegate came to the convention prepared to lay the foundations for a militant movement of the exploited youth of Canada, and consequently, they were much more interested in outlining plans and getting back to work than in needless "rag-chewing." I hope that our comrades will also become aware of that fact.

Although the convention was a decided success, and though its decisions were of far-reaching importance, still that alone does not spell success. However, I for one, feel confident that when the second national convention of the Young Communist League of Canada takes place, it will not be a mere handful, but a large number of fearless and capable young rebels, representing an organization that will be known from coast to coast, and to which large masses of the young will already be looking for leadership and inspiration in the bitter struggles yet to come. I feel that way because every delegate at the first convention went away determined to put into **ACTION** the policies decided upon there. The **RED YOUTH OF CANADA** has mobilized! From now on its army will grow and grow until it breaks the fetters of wage slavery forever.

Young Communists in the Unions

THE function of the young communists in the unions presents three aspects: direction, execution and defense.

Although to many adult and placid spirits it appears an error and a thoughtlessness to assign such an important work to young communists as that of work in the unions, there is nothing more certain than that some unions and even political organizations which have been directed by the young elements, have presented real battles against the bosses and their armed organization of the bourgeois state, have attained marked triumphs for the proletariat.

And this happens precisely because the youthful spirit overflows with that optimism which is flowering life. This vitality is given to the labor unions and from it is born the victories of the past and greater probabilities of successive triumphs in the battles of the future which are certain to occur between the proletariat and capitalism.

The immediate problem that faces the communist youth in order to acquire the necessary capacity, like the prior theoretical and practical study of the labor movement, and the best means of understanding the social struggle in its real class aspect, is the problem of direction.

The young communist, who in the future must di-

rect great organizations of the masses, is not able to complete his principal mission if, previously, he does not prepare himself practically, observing at first hand the fights of the movement and the class, being its protagonist.

Apart from serving for the future labor, today—in the present moment—we have to accomplish the communist work that is assigned us, the work of criticism against all political reformists, be they called social-democrat or anarchist.

Taking part in the direction of the union struggles, we attain the sense of responsibility and with greater efficacy we succeed in guiding the movement according to the principle of the revolutionary class struggle; we defend the principles and postulates of Marx; we impregnate the union organizations with the combative spirit, of revolutionary energy; we raise up class sentiment; we transform and transport the narrow craft spirit that characterizes a part of the working class to a revolutionary plane—that of class.

Precisely from this continuous and perserving labor, from this concentration upon the wage struggle of the organized working class, is born and arises the title—"Vanguard of the Proletariat."

(From the Young Communist, Madrid Spain, translated by Frank Evans.)

Youth in the Labor Movement

By H. M. WICKS

JUST as the principal task of the Communist movement in America, at this time, is to win the organized masses of the labor movement to the revolutionary standard, so the task of the Young Communist movement must also be directed toward that goal. The declaration that there can be no Communist movement separate and apart from the labor movement applies with equal force to the movement of revolutionary Youth.

The labor movement in America today suffers from the devastating blight of Gompersism, an institution built up through forty years' betrayal of the working class. This reactionary machine has no exact parallel anywhere on earth. European reactionaries of the Scheidemann type teach class collaboration, but Gompers denies that there are classes. The yellow International of Amsterdam is too radical for the Gompers machine. Ramsay MacDonald, next Premier of Britain, leader of the Second International and vituperative crusader against Soviet Russia is considered a violent revolutionist by Gompers and his crew.

While the working class divisions in Europe revolve around questions of tactics in relation to the class struggle, whether reform or revolution will accomplish the revolution, in the United States the organized workers are not even class conscious as a mass and the leaders deny the necessity for a revolution. Gompers and his supporters openly assert that "the American Federation of Labor is one of the strongest pillars supporting American institutions." By American institutions he means the class government of the United States, the brazen dictatorship of the capitalist class, with its army, its police, its hordes of labor spies and provocateurs, its cossacks, its courts, its Daugherty injunctions and every terroristic device that can be marshalled against labor.

Gompers visualizes himself and his machine as the entire labor movement and, although he does not speak for the rank and file of American labor, he does speak for his reactionary machine which extends its poison virus throughout the entire labor bureaucracy of the movement. When he declares labor will uphold American institutions (capitalism) he means that the officialdom of labor will fight on the side of capitalism against militant tendencies in the labor movement.

But in spite of the astonishing stupidity of a membership that permits itself to appear as the vassal of its mortal enemies through tolerating the rule of Gompersism, there are unmistakable signs that the rank and file is at last being aroused from its lethargy and,

unless all signs fail, in the very near future the infamous record of Gompersism will be ready for definite telling.

In this work of revolutionizing the trade union movement the young workers can play an important part. All members of the Young Workers League, who are eligible, should align themselves with the unions of their industry and actively participate in the work of the left elements in the labor movement. By "left elements" I do not mean the I. W. W. and the score or more of small dualistic sects following the disastrous path of anarcho-syndicalism, but the elements in the

American Federation of Labor, organized in the Trade Union Educational League. It is only since the launching of the League, a trifle over a year ago that the power of the reactionaries in control of the machinery of the labor movement has been seriously challenged. The fundamental policy of the League is to keep the militant workers in the ranks of the bona-fide American labor movement, instead of following the utopian policy of the founders of the I. W. W. and similar organizations of withdrawing from the mass of organized workers and creating "pure" unions, with a perfect blue print of a new society to strive for. That the principles and tactics of the League are correct is evidenced by its progress during the short period of its activity. Its major

campaign has been the amalgamation propaganda; its results have been such that the officials are vainly striving to devise methods to overcome it. Many large international unions, eleven state federations of labor and countless central labor unions have gone on record for the amalgamation program—that is the amalgamation of craft unions into industrial unions to the end that there be but one union in each industry.

Since the purpose of the Young Workers' organizations is to defend the interests of the working class youth it becomes imperative that the young workers align themselves with the organizations that are capable of defending the interests of the working class as a whole. Furthermore, it is only within the ranks of the labor movement that the revolutionary youth can effectively fight for the special demands which history imposes upon them.

The question of child labor, which should be made a major campaign of the youth organizations, is inseparable from the working class struggle as a whole. Although it is necessary to talk of child labor legislation, that tactic is only of value to the extent that it, like all parliamentary demands, exposes the class nature of



the government and discredits it before the masses of the young wage slaves. Such work is educational in the highest degree and in the best revolutionary sense.

In general work in the labor movement the young revolutionists have a distinct advantage for the reason that the bureaucracy is composed of old political shysters, who view with profound contempt the activity of the younger elements, but who are as ignorant as they are arrogant. With a knowledge of the fundamentals of the revolutionary movement, that is a knowledge of the elementary economics of capitalism, the young worker can easily expose the pompous pretense of the gallant "leaders" of labor and discredit the local luminaries in the eyes of their own membership before they really know what is happening. With a knowledge of the machinery of production you have a distinct advantage over the fakirs even though they have had years of experience at the head of the labor movement. There is no reason why the younger elements in the movement should hesitate to plunge into the thick of the fight, especially considering the existence of the Trade Union Educational League, which has succeeded in rallying all the best elements among the "left" in the entire labor movement, under whose banner you must fight.

Never before in all the history of the American labor movement has there been a more propitious time for the revolutionary youth to take its place in the struggle with telling effect.

Again, when we consider the question uppermost in the movement of revolutionary youth throughout the whole world—the question of war—the advantage of contact with the labor movement becomes plain to all. During wars the condition of the young workers, their forcible conscription into the ranks of the army, the bestial treatment they receive from the West Point thugs, for the most part depraved sons of the plutocracy or offspring of some political lickspittle, who manages to get his degenerate spawn into the United States military academy, is deplorable indeed.

The anti-war agitation is of primary importance to the young revolutionists and this agitation can be carried on most effectively within the ranks of organized labor. Since the experience of the last war, in which Woodrow Wilson flunked of the House of Morgan, coined slogans about "democracy", "liberty", "freedom for all forever", in order to hypnotize the American working class so they would be willing to sacrifice their all in all to protect the billions of Morgan & Co., it should be more difficult for the ruling class of the United States again to mobilize the workers for another imperialistic venture.

In the last war, when American youth fought and bled and died in the interests of the House of Morgan, and for no other reason, the American Federation of Labor officialdom, under the leadership of the unspeakable Gompers, became an appendage of the American war machine. Every opportunity to gain better conditions for labor during the war and immediately following the armistice was abjured by the labor officialdom and that betrayal, more than anything else, paved the way for the terrific "open shop" assault as the aftermath of the "war for democracy."

Even now, just as the first faint streaks of the next war appear upon the horizon, imperceptible to all except the trained eye of the revolutionists, agitation

should be started against every phase of militarism in America; against the army, the navy, the boy scouts, the militia of the various states, the state constabulary and every other capitalistic instrument of murder and terror that only functions against the working class in time of "peace" and is used to herd the workers into the shambles of war when the imperialist masters of America want cannon fodder to defend their interests abroad.

Out of the surplus produced through the exploitation of the young workers in America the imperialists enter upon ventures in other parts of the world in order to fasten the shackles of the same capitalism upon others. Rival imperialist powers also desire exploitation of the so-called "backward races" with the result that a bloody conflict arises, whereupon the slaves are called to the "colors" of their various nations, ostensibly to protect "civilization," "democracy", or some other metaphysical entity, but in reality to defend the interests of their own exploiters.

It is upon the young workers that the burden of militarism falls heaviest. It is the young workers that dangle upon barbed-wire entanglements between trenches raked with shrapnel and that furnish banquets for buzzards upon the sun-baked plains of foreign lands—not the sons of the Morgans, the Astor brats, the whelps of the Vanderbilts, the pious Sunday school teaching, psalm-singing, baby-burning sons of the Rockefellerers.

Therefore the young workers must struggle in the labor movement, so that when again the war clouds, herald the outbreak of the next imperialist saturnalia of agony and ashes and bloodshed the working class will stand shoulder to shoulder with the revolutionary youth and refuse to participate in another orgy of murder in the interests of American capitalism. Not only refuse to participate in active warfare, but refuse to produce the economic weapons, without which wars are impossible, through initiating the General Strike Against War!

(Continued from page 2.)

ganda Committee. But we haven't as yet made our greatest effort to get our best comrades on this committee, and the conference of all the Jewish branches would, to a certain extent, make this effort to bring the best of our Jewish comrades on the Jewish National Propaganda Committee. And wouldn't there be greater tasks for the conference to accomplish, and wouldn't there be many other important problems that would have to be solved by that conference. This alone would be a sufficient reason for the calling of such a conference; this would be in itself enough to justify the position of those who understand the necessity of such a conference.

At first the N. E. C. rejected the recommendation for a conference of all the Jewish branches and turned it over to the coming national convention, to be held in the month of May. And we may be quite sure that the National Convention will undoubtedly act in favor of such a Conference, and will no doubt see to it that this elementary necessity should be realized. For too much harm would be done our League if this matter should be dropped from the order of business, unsolved. Too much of the further activities among the Jewish working youth depends on a Conference of all the Jewish branches of our League. Without such a Conference it will be extremely difficult to go on further successfully with our activities among the Jewish young workers.

Between You and Me

By VERNA PAIGE

HAS it ever happened in your League? Have you ever worked hard to persuade some friend—just a typical working boy, not particularly class conscious with a decided beginning of ideas in his head—to come with you to a meeting of your League? Did you urge him for days with—we're a jolly bunch—you'll like the gang—you'll get a lot out of our study classes? Were you very conscious of a nice warm, glowy feeling even down to your toes when he said, "Yes". And then, did that feeling return—oh, tenfold when you finally slipped into your seat beside him at the meeting—here was your first convert to the "Cause"? And then did you look around at a vast expanse of empty chairs and get a little scared? Did you then turn to him and whisper that there usually were a lot more present at the meeting—that you couldn't understand their absence—that "really this was the smallest meeting we've ever had." And you breathed a little sigh of relief every time anyone else came in. Then was the meeting taken up by a long drawn out fight between two members of the League while the other listened with more or less patience? Were the phrases "the socially necessary amount of labor time", "the 2½ International", "the anarchy of production", "our tactics" bandied about with no attempt at explanation except in the terms of those who were already "in the know?"

And then, when the business session came, was the greatest discussion concerning membership? That was good. But, what was said in the presence of this prospective member? That you were all going to go out and get in members of the younger working class who were not as yet so class conscious and then after you had got them in the League you were going to educate them to a realization of their place in society! You discussed ways and means of giving those who were not yet qualified to become members "education in sugar-coated form." And what kind of an effect did this have on your own prospective member? Couldn't you feel his interest growing colder? And weren't you rather prepared after the meeting for his comment about wasting time at a meeting whose purpose was to make him realize just where he belonged . . . and those guys who talked during the whole evening and didn't give any of their own members half a chance? Is that the way they plan doing it? And are all meetings as talky as this one, and do they always scrap so; what do they really do besides talk? Wait until those two can educate the membership, Excuse me!" And did you really blame him?

Have you a monologist in your league—one of these guys who, no matter what comes up in the League, has to have his little fifteen minute spiel about it? And if the chairman tells him his time is limited—he appeals from the decision of the chair—and a trial ensues—surely a bit with which to entice new mebers?

Perhaps these incidents are not typical of Yowl existence in other cities. In that case consider that the writer merely has a chip on her shoulders when she claims that if our League is to have a membership worthy of its aims, if it is to become a force in the labor movement in this country, it must offer something more

to the youngsters than the information grandiously given out that they are not class conscious nor as important in the labor movement as WE are. Our organization must truly be a banding together of the class conscious youth of the working class for the purpose of making ever and ever greater numbers of their own class realize the fallacy of the Capitalist system—and we must never lose sight of that aim. But we must also realize that the average American working boy or girl sees nothing enticing or virtuous in the fact of becoming class-conscious or taking up his time with an organization which has that purpose and gives him nothing else.

To appeal to those who are not wholly class conscious we must have particular activities which those in question can rarely obtain elsewhere. A dramatic group within the organization is a valuable asset to any League wishing a larger membership. Start by giving a one-act propaganda play to your own membership and then mention the fact to prospective members that your active members take part in plays. Have a glee club started in your League. Remember that the best medium of propaganda of any sort is in well-written songs. As soon as the weather gets warmer form a group within you League pledged to hike every Sunday. Camp-fire discussion stick longer in the memory and mean much more than talks in ill-ventilated stuffy smoky rooms. Have those members of the League who are already class-conscious curb their spouting desires. Let their leadership in the class meetings be a desired and subtle thing. Have the simplest terms only in the educational classes which new members attend. If the older must settle their differences concerning certain portions in Marxian economics, let them have their own classes and get the arguments out of their system. It is only by being an active live organization ourselves can we hope to appeal and to attract unto ourselves, young members of the working class who will some day be inspired by the same ideals and the same hopes that our participation in our League makes so entirely worth while to us. The future belongs to the Youth. The revolution will be the task of Youth. Let us not prove unworthy of our present task.

This issue contains more reading matter than any previous issue of the Young Worker since the establishment of our paper.

We want to inform you that our plans have not fully been carried out yet. Hereafter there will be more pictures in the Young Worker, more stories and a number of interesting articles such as can be found in no other paper in this country.

The May issue of the Young Worker will contain an unusually interesting article by Martin Abern on his experiences in visiting the Young Workers League in the East. Besides, we are going to have a number of specially written articles and some exclusive drawings and pictures.

Don't miss a single issue.

THE YOUNG WORKER

Vol. II.

APRIL

No. 4.

A Magazine for the Militant Young Workers of America

Published Monthly by the

National Executive Committee
of the Young Workers League of America

Send all orders and articles, and remit all funds to

The Young Worker

2517 FULLERTON AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION:—\$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. 7 cents per copy
for bundles of 10 and over.

The Communist Case--- Closer Home

G. A. SCHULENBERG, member of the National Executive Committee of the Young Workers League of America, and our representative on the Central Executive Committee of the Workers Party, and Rebecca Sacharow, prominent Y. W. L. member, formerly of Cleveland and now of New York, surrendered in the Communist case on March 10. This brings the Michigan Communist trial very much closer to home.

"The Communists are not surrendering themselves to the Michigan authorities," declares C. E. Ruthenberg, secretary of the Workers Party, in a statement issued immediately after the ten gave themselves up in court, "because they have faith in the justice of the capitalist courts and prosecuting authorities. They have had too many experiences with these institutions showing the willingness of judges and prosecutors to ignore their own laws and rules in order to put Communists in prison."

Besides Schulenberg and Sacharow, there are involved in the Michigan case the following members of the Young Workers League: William Reynolds, Detroit, Mich.; Max Lerner, Seattle, Wash.; Eugene Bechtold and Charles Erickson, both of Chicago, Ill. We are in the thick of the fight and we must throw our entire strength into this work.

At this writing, Comrade Schulenberg has been released on bail and the bail for Comrade Sacharow is expected to be obtained within a few days. Not all the bail required for the ten comrades had been raised at the time we go to press, however. Additional money is required to meet the cost of conducting the trial of Foster, and later, of the thirty-one other defendants. The increase in the number of defendants means that the Labor Defense Council, conducting the defense of this case, will have to raise many more thousands of dollars.

The Young Workers League members have and are helping with might and main to fight this vicious attack of the capitalist government, in the person of "Gumshoe Bill" Burns. In every city where our Leagues exist you will find them co-operating with the local Labor Defense Councils. The national defense assessment is rapidly being paid. Yet more and more work is necessary.

We urge our comrades everywhere to follow the lead of the Chicago and New York Yowls. Go into the unions and acquaint the workers there with the facts of the case. Ask for contributions to the defense of their fellow trade-unionists—to defend their fellow workers in the front ranks of the struggle against capitalism.

Go to the workers with this message: "The Communists will uphold their right and openly and publicly advocate the political principles which they support during the St. Joseph's trial. The Communists have nothing to hide. They desire nothing more than the opportunity to submit their principles and proposals for a change in the existing social system to the judgment of the working people of the United States."

Because of the youth of our membership, more work is ex-

pected of them than of the older comrades. That is no more than right. We have always prided ourselves on being in the front ranks of the militant workers. We cannot fail at this critical time.

The Sport Problem

S. H. BLOOMFIELD, in his article, "The Sport Problem in the United States," (in this issue) analyzes a question which our young comrades must solve in a practical way. We urge a reading and a thorough discussion of this article—a frank investigation of the sport problem by all our members. Have we not evaded this question entirely in the past? Weren't we too pure to think of athletics in our organization? Yes. Let us admit our mistakes and learn from them.

Noteworthy, in this respect, is the organization of the athletic team by the Karl Liebknecht branch (German-Hungarian speaking) in Chicago. These comrades, without waiting for any "national direction," have grasped the bull by the horns. In Canada, our young comrades have outdistanced us in this respect. We do not need to fear the "demoralizing" influence of athletics. Our Canadian comrades have gone us a step further in a political and organizational way: They have changed their name to the Young Communist League and have definitely become affiliated with the Young Communist International. Their indulgence in athletics is a means to an end—the reaching of the great mass of young workers.

The Language Branch Question

WRITING in another part of this paper, "Eyeglass" states that we should look the question of the foreign language branches in the face and admit that the national propaganda committees have failed to live up to the problems before them. The national executive committee does not agree with these remarks. We want to point out that from the first the Finnish and Hungarian propaganda committees handled their tasks in a manner that deserves the praise of all our members. The Finnish propaganda committee bluntly stated to us that they thought they were unnecessary—that most of the work could be carried on in the English language. Yet they did not stop there; they did all the work that came to them—translated the program, manifesto and constitution; the most important bulletins, as well as made provisions for the translation of the pamphlet, "Youth Under Americanism." A good deal of publicity was carried on by them in the Finnish language press.

We would like to inform the Jewish comrades that many months before the "Freiheit," (Jewish language paper) thought the youth problem important enough, the Hungarian Language Propaganda Committee was able to use a goodly portion of the space in the "Uj Elore" to advance the cause of the revolutionary youth. Even today a weekly supplement of from four to eight pages is made part of this paper. This is (throughout a month) even more than we are able to do in the *Young Worker*.

Birthdays of Our Political Prisoners

Birthdays in April of political prisoners still confined in American prisons, are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut St., as follows:

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7—April 6, John Turner, Reg. No. 13146; April 10, James Quinlan, No. 13579.

At Walla Walla, Washington, Box 520—April 14, A. Shoemaker, No. 9399; April 27, Bert Bland, 9411.

At North Side Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.—April 25, Jos. Martynovich, B-59, Box A-11387.

At San Quentin prison, Can. Quentin, Calif.—April 10, Math. Schmidt.

Cora Meyer, national secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters to those political prisoners. Money is most advisable for gifts. For list of articles write the wardens. Only articles contained in the respective prison schedules are acceptable.

The Sport Problem in the United States

By H. SIDNEY BLOOMFIELD

DAY in and day out millions of American sport fans cheer and shout at the Baseball, Football and Basketball games, Prize-Fight rings, Race tracks, at the Bulletin boards, in their club and society rooms.... even in the office and at the bench in the shop. The most devout Jesuit, the most fanatical Indian Medicine-Man, or the absurd Holy-roller is not so loud in the proclamation of his faith, nor as violent in the manifestation of his joys or sorrows as are the American sport fans, wild with joy of victory of their favorite team or star.

Like savages, all their stored up energies are released, their repressed habits and instincts become uncontrollable, and like infatuated lovers, give free play to their desires and passions. In these exciting sports the fan gives vent to his emotions, thus satisfying his ego which gratification gives him the pleasure that he could not otherwise derive in this Puritanic society, in this capitalist system of formality and conventionalism so typical of the now fast decaying order.

This social phenomena is almost entirely neglected by the working-class movement, notwithstanding the fact that it constitutes one of labors' most serious problems to solve. What causes sporting and athletics to be a menace to the workingclass, is not that it is inimical to the best interests of mankind, quite the contrary is true—Sports and athletics are no more inimical to the best interests of mankind than is the development of electricity and machinery. But, and here's the rub.... sports and athletics, and electricity and machinery are at present under capitalist control and are subject to the manipulation of private greed just as is the press, the pulpit, the theatre and the school.

Such phenomena offers much food for thought to the working-class movement. This is a phase of American life that is here to stay, and on the day following the American revolution baseball, football, etc., will be played in celebrating the event. Sports are as vital a phase of American life as is the Trade Union movement. Political campaigns, Trusts, Poverty, Disease and Moonshine.

Our speakers talk and our journalists write about injustice, wars, prostitution, religion, politics, unionism—all important subjects. Nevertheless, many honest and conscientious workers (ignorant though) upon approaching a mob of "Dubbs" with their necks

stretched and eyes fixed firmly upon the automatic-baseball-player during the course of a worldseries game, following the progress of the game "play-by-play" and then.... "Babe" Ruth makes a home run, and the mob goes wild with joy, remark, "Look at that mob of wild dubbs yelling their heads off for Babe Ruth—Gee those blockheads are hopeless—there's no hope for the revolution as long as they've got baseball, I guess I won't sacrifice my life for those boobs!" And as these good-intentioned proletarians utter these words of despair their spines seem to sink simultaneously . . . play" and then . . . "Babe" Ruth makes a home run, and . . . gone too.

The problem here is similar to that of the Trade Union problem. The American youth finds in baseball, football, boxing, etc., a means of gratifying his pleasure seeking desires. One can hardly appreciate the joy and thrill that comes to a boy who has just mastered the art of "pitching," of throwing a "curve," a "drop" or a "fade-away," and the thrill that comes once in a life-time of having one's name in the local sporting page as the hero of the game. The Labor movement cannot afford merely to stand aside and curse the sport fans.

The problem here is similar to that of the Trade Union problem, the key to which the Red Trade Union International has given us. How many of our best comrades have often remarked, "Oh! you can't tell them anything as long as Sammy Gompers and his machine have them by the necks?" And the countless other despondent "excuses" that the comrades offered us which could be interested only as meaning that those offering such excuses either knowingly or not were avoiding their responsibilities, resulting in the creation of a brand new dual union or staying aloof from the industrial activities

entirely or, perhaps in negative opposition or violent antagonism to the trade union movement. We were striking in the dark and hit a stone wall.... we are doing the very same thing in regard to the American worker's sport.

To really appreciate the necessity for the formulation of ways and means of winning these millions of fans or any appreciable amount of them, to the cause of labor, one must realize that antagonism or contempt will never do. We must understand that from early childhood the American worker, poor as he is, is absorbed in athletics and sports, and that a Jack Dempsey or a "Babe" Ruth is as much the object of emulation as is the president of the United States, Charlie Chaplin or John D. Rockefeller. The child mind is plastic and romantic and capitalism plays upon his imagination just as do the big corporations and steamship companies on the imagination of the ignorant foreign peasants in picturing the golden opportunities before them if only they will come to America where "gold is found on the streets."

The American youth finds in baseball, football, boxing, etc., a means of gratifying his pleasure seeking

desires. One can hardly appreciate the joy and thrill that comes to a boy who has just mastered the art of "pitching," of throwing a "curve," a "drop" or a "fade-away", and the "thrill that comes once in a life-time" of having one's name in the local sporting page as the hero of the game.

This pleasure may be likened to that derived by one of our shell-rim spectacled intellectuals upon the discovery in reading a "treatise" on revolutionary tactics, by a comrade "Spark" or "Spartak," in which "treatise" is driven home the great revelation that in actual street fighting during the social revolution the easiest method of routing the enemy is by capturing the sewer department works and open up all the sewers for the enemy to die from the obnoxious odor emanating therefrom.

Powerful Weapons in Capitalist Hands

We realize that a powerful weapon in the hands of capitalism is the great trinity that moulds the minds of the masses namely; the press, pulpit and school, and we devise counter weapons along the same lines. We have a sound basis for our agitation on the political and the industrial field. We mercilessly expose the designs of the imperialists, the political chicanery and charlatanism. We clarify the daily events in the light of our Marxian thought, and we offer a solution for all the ills of the Trade Union movement. But we entirely neglect the great field of capitalist activity—the sporting and athletic fields.

Sporting, together with the theatre, has developed at an enormous pace since the beginning of the world-war. Sporting is exploited for many purposes. Promoters, Financiers, Speculators, Gamblers, and Capitalism in general benefit from it, including the politicians. The sporting and athletic world which may be linked as one is divided into three principle classes:

1st. Elementary schools, High schools, and Colleges including private schools and playgrounds.

2nd. Societies, Clubs, Associations, including the Boy Scouts, Veteran clubs, Community clubs, etc.

3rd. The organized commercial sporting trusts, such as the "Big" baseball leagues, the Prize-fight trusts, the Wrestling trusts, the Race track trusts, etc.

In the first class of sports are the Educational institutions, and is known as "clean" sports. It may be true that they are clean in so far as the playing is concerned, but the institutions that promote these "clean" sports are in the hands of a sordid clique, under a sordid system and utilized for mean and dirty purposes.... for chloroforming the minds of the students. The trustees of an institution frame the policies of and are responsible for the institution, and there are very, very few—in fact so few institutions for Educational purposes that are not controlled by "Big Business," that one with pretty bright eyes would have to look through a telescope to see them.

Use Athletics As Chloroform

The Trustee or heads of the institution see to it that the boys or girls shall have sufficient sports not merely to develop themselves physically but to keep them occupied that they may not become too sophisticated and enquiring. The school sports are now recognized by the heads of the various institutions to be part of the regular daily dose of chloroform, since, with increased knowledge comes an increased desire to inquire into fields that the controlling powers of the institutions do not wish the students to venture and, no better strik-

ing example of the truth of this assertion is the fact that President Atwood of Clark university of Worcester, Mass., broke up a meeting in the assembly hall of that institution at which meeting Professor Scott Nearing spoke on the question of "Control of Public Opinion." No sooner had the meeting been abruptly terminated when he (Atwood) in unison with the local press hinted that, instead of lectures, such as Scott Nearing was given, the boys "will henceforth receive a greater and more extensive athletic program for the coming season," which means in other words, that the inquiring students' minds will be diverted into other channels in the same manner that the prostitute preachers fix your attention onto the sky while greedy capitalism goes through your pockets.

All Make Use of Sports

In the second class come the societies, clubs, associations, etc., including such institutions as the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus and smaller ones organized by local ward healers and politicians. The Y. M. C. A. is used "for-all-it-is-worth" by both the Protestant Church and Republican Party politicians, while the Knights of Columbus is the cats-paw for the Catholic Church and the Democratic Party politicians. The smaller clubs and societies are very numerous—almost every "corner-gang" has its club, at the head of which is a local politician or else is dominated in an indirect way by these "good-boys" of the City halls or State houses. These local politicians are the "go-between" or "fixers" whenever a club member "gets-in-wrong" with some authority or some soft city or state job or other petty favors are dishd out to the club members in return for the votes that these "Jimmy Higgins" of the capitalist parties pile up for the politician during the election campaigns.

In the third class come the "Sport Trusts". Just as Gary dominates the steel trust, Morgan the money trust, Armour the meat trust, so is the Baseball trust controlled by Ban Johnson, Harry Frazee, etc., the Boxing trust and the Wrestling trust by Richard, Curley, etc., whose sole object is not to promote health, manhood and artistic expression but—Profits. In the sphere of sports, the positions of these promoters are identical with that of the Gary, Armour, Morgan gang in their respective trusts—speculating, betting, gambling, frame-ups fake game, and all the corrupt practices of the under world finds full expression in these trusts. Stopping at nothing, they resort to the most crooked means and all along the line the sport fan pays the bill for what he really thinks is a "fair and square" play, when the fact of the matter is that he is being cheated, lied, to, imposed upon and flim flammed in the most depraved manner.

Labor Movement Can't Stand Aside

The labor movement cannot afford merely to stand aside and curse the sport fans. The radical worker must not adopt the "Hollier-than-thou" attitude in regard to sport any more than he should toward the American Federation of Labor or toward the political life of the country. The radical must get acquainted with this phase of life and only by understanding it can a correct solution be formulated and a sound basis for agitation be established.

It is not by condemning the fan but by really becoming "Americanized" by understanding American life and participating in every phase of it. By participating in the Trade Union movement, the Political

(Continued on page 22)

Impressions, Incidents, Experiences of Our Cross-Country Trip

By S. MAX KITZES

"Damn it!"
 I'd say
 And take pack and sack on back
 And leave.
 Whereto?
 Wherever!
 Wherever I'd see a change
 from the irksome monotony,
 from the familiar uninteresting faces,
 into the distant different space.
 And,
 Damn it!
 I'd leave
 my system-slaved father,
 my convention-tortured mother,
 my change-longing friends,
 my money crazed boss,
 my system-chained professors,
 my economic-stricken self—
 And go
 Whereto?
 Wherever!
 Anywhere.
 Everywhere.

SUCH was the restless spirit rampant in my change-craving self. Such too was the prevalent restlessness among my companions.

No sooner said than done. We enriched an Army and Navy store by the price of four khaki outfits and a few camping supplies.

On September third, after lamentations on the part of our parents, and envious expressions on the part of our friends, we regretfully, yet joyously, took the street car to the city limits—and therefrom our "hobo trip" began.



"Here We Are"

The freedom of the road, the calm cheerfulness contrasted greatly with the noisy congested city streets. Our unfettered spirits were in gay unison with the bright early-Autumn day. Everywhere apples, alive on the branches, beckoned temptingly—and we needed no further invitation.... Having consumed as much as we could, having filled our pockets, we were about to continue on the road with brimming handfulls—when a tall, stout gent, later described as the sheriff confronted us. "Good apples, eh?" he asked rather pleasantly. "Sure" was the sincere reply. "Well, do you know you are stealing? How would you like me to steal your salary? These apples are private property," he moralized. We were becoming a bit shaky, and one of us interrupted him: "Wha' do you wan' for 'em?" "A dollar." We paid him and considered it "getting away

with murder".... The apples were good, but—on push-carts we can get more for the money!

For curiosity's sake we found our way, by way of auto lifts, on the following day, to Saratoga Springs, of which we can only recall the taste of the cathartic waters flowing from the natural springs. From there, on our way to Amsterdam,—the carpet city—we viewed the Mohawk Valley. Distant trees formed impressionistic views:.... Easy-going folks, standing on the top of the hills, hands clasped behind their backs, observing the scenery below.... Also: A mass meeting with the speaker on the stump.... Nature's picturesque beauties eased our sky-scraper-tired eyes. The inevitable question placed itself before us: Why this undeveloped vastness while the cities were crowded?

The usual complacent, contented A. F. of L. "democracy" showed itself predominant, at the Labor Day Celebration, at Syracuse, in the following slogan:

"WE WANT
 AMERICANISM IN INDUSTRY

Our Motto:
 THE OPEN SHOP IS UN-AMERICAN"

Such was Labor's protest against the exploitation of crumpling capitalism!

In Auburn, not being permitted to see the inside of the Bastille, due to legal holiday, we just gazed at this built-up grave where the inmates are (as if) buried alive. In the booths, scattered on the top of the walls, were foxy-eyed, armed guards.

In Seneca Falls, the smallest town yet seen, "Now I first feel that we are free; the holidays are over and we are not working...." one of us remarked, next day.

It was in this town that we got our first "write-up".... The old maid editor, penned in a cellar used as an "editorial room" envied our freedom. "That's the life", she waved after us as we left.

This is the publicity received there. Note the provincialism:

"ON WAY TO COAST: Monday they arrived in Seneca Falls where they were ROYALLY entertained Tuesday morning. WARM IN THEIR PRAISES OF SENECA FALLS . . . and with the firm determination to again visit here on their return from the golden gate."

By walking when we had to and riding on autos when such presented themselves, we reached Niagara Falls. The force of the Falls enveloped us. Their splendor excited our feelings. Never yet have we seen such marvellous wonder. The green-headed Horseshoe Falls, the brown-headed American Falls, the rainbow, the soothing spray—each left its indelible impression. The novelty of it filled us with desire to remain there endlessly. One of us, "the man of science", had to be torn from this place.

Unsated, yearning for more, we decided to see the Falls from the Canadian side. And impatiently went there. We paid our toll. On the Canadian side we were called into the office where the following questions were put to us: "Are you American citizens?" "Who's your husband?" "Are you sure?" "What're

you all doing?" "Is it contagious sickness? Everybody's doing it?" Anyhow, we saw the Falls from the Canadian border, drank a glass of prohibition, and went back to continue our trip in the U. S. A.

The evening invited us to friendly and hospitable Italian workers, at whose little shop our night's lodging was arranged. A kerosene lamp illuminated the inside of our nicknamed "hotel de spigett." In the house we had a friendly chat, trying hard to make ourselves intelligible to them, drank some dandelion wine and learned the recipe therefore, heard some Italian rags, and observed the curiosity-look in their eyes.

The night was clear. The moon smiled at our nerve and at our friendliness. The stars winked us to sleep.

The next day, the city of Buffalo added an interesting incident: Outside the city we decided to return to a farmer's about 100 miles east of Buffalo to work at picking apples. A hill rose before us. We refused to walk it. Hills stand robust and appear to elongate to pedestrians and vagabonds, but fearfully flatten before imposing automobiles.... Having no obligations, instinct ruled, and we wandered as we list.. An auto going east cleared our indecision. We went east. (Had it gone west, we'd turned west....)

A middle aged couple gave us a lift. Our spirit was jovial, reckless and happy. The woman in the car was soon infected by our youthful contagious hilarity. The couple first invited us to ice-cream. Thereafter, to a "gefilte fish" supper—this being Friday. And to further add to the current glee and joy, they offered us two rooms for the night. We jumped in frenzy. A dream, it seemed. But reality it was. Needless to say all invitations were readily accepted.

'Twas here we were labelled "THE UNUSUAL FOUR". Well-said!

This is probably the most appropriate place in which to record that when, in Chicago, helping the Friends of Soviet Russia, we did not forget our Buffalo friends, and wrote them asking for a donation to aid the starving Russians. A twenty dollar check was added to the amount collected in Chicago.

The next day we reached our destination, having left our heavy knapsacks on a porch on the country-road. "How far is it to Ryan's?" we asked the farmerette. "Ten miles." "How do you measure miles here?" we again asked. "When I have to walk 'em, it seems ten miles to me," she said. We started to walk the "ten" miles. Women and children, dogs, goats, cows, horses, orchards, pastures and country-huts were enframed in our view. We asked for the apple-picking job, and got it. The conditions were: 15 cents per barrel, and free lunch. Board and lodging to be paid out of our 15-cent earnings. Work would begin within two weeks. (On condition we help wash the dishes we could stay over that night. We stay over night.)

This being Saturday night we accompanied our farmers to town. Everyone goes to town on Sat'd'y night—to shop, to gossip, to the "pi'tchers."

On our way we tried to get our belongings, but 'twas dark, and the dog barked. We were not heroic this time, and continued to town. We promenaded, while all curiously gave us the once overs. We again met the farmerette at whose house we had left our belongings and told her about the dog. She calmly said: "He may JUST GRAB YOUR ANKLE, but he won't bite... Just call him 'Nipper-Nipper'..." We safely got our packs.



After the Tomatoes Were Picked

Necessitating a wait for two weeks until the picking, we asked the Farmers' Bureau for work on Monday morning. None to be had. So we went to try at the canning factory. No extras wanted yet. One of the young workers stopping with us near the factory said, in bitter discontent, "They work you to death in there. Someone ought to blow this place up!" Discontent of the exploited is to be found even in hic towns. I thought 'twas only in cities.

While on the road, we were asked if we wanted to pick tomatoes. Five cents a crate was the price offered. Not knowing what it means to pick tomatoes, we went to work. The sun burnt. Perspiration ran down our bodies. And all we earned averaged each fifteen cents an hour. The girls chuckled the work first. We unhesitatingly followed suit. Got paid, and—

Free again, on the road. Francing, skipping, singing was our recreation. Ah!!! The road!

Towards sundown we again reached our "hotel de spigett" where we were welcomed this time as unexpected old friends.

On our way to Cleveland, standing on the running-boards, were Moe and I. I was tired. And to add thereto, over the detour road, a deathly fear possessed me. "There she turns turtle," I thought as the auto jolted and bumped along lopsided. "There she falls on my side and mortally pins me under the weight," Gee, what fear!!!

Yet—all this was worth not to miss the sunset view: The sun, turning crimson, sank slowly prolonging the resplendent, colorful moment. We were heading directly west, while the twilight sun set before us, and apparently for us. And when the playful clouds completely hid the sun to sleep, they curly-~~carved~~ and rolled upon the smiling moon.

About nine P. M. we were at the door of one of our relatives. These conventional petit-bourgeois looked upon us as upon "four crazy kids." (Analogous: Should the New York Times praise me, I'd have myself examined...)

(To be Continued.)

Physical Culture in Russia

SINCE the proletariat in Russia carried home its victory, physical culture has gained complete recognition, i. e. it has become the property of the masses, of the people itself.

Before the revolution the development of physical culture was very restricted, and it was practised only by the very thin bourgeois or semi-bourgeois strata, while the proletariat hardly knew about it.

This is easily understood, if you know, that at that time the workers were ruthlessly oppressed and ex-

plotted by capitalism. Their soul was made dull, their bodies were crippled by unbearable, long and excessive work. Beside this, physical culture and knowledge of its necessity was propagated and supported among the workers by the government of the land-owners only so far as it was necessary in order to save the worker, as the sources of labor, from physical decay.

Now we see the opposite. After the revolution, or better during the revolution the Russian proletariat conceived and became conscious of the whole importance of physical training. The necessity of this was eloquently proved by the civil war too, with its many difficult circumstances, which then so often followed. The applying of physical training under these difficult circumstances proved, that it is an effective means not only in the hygienic sense, but also a powerful means of education in collectivism to combat the rest of the old bad customs.

The proletarian government as representative of the common will of the inhabitants is taking great care of this task: of physical cure of the inhabitants in general and of the workers in particular, in order to increase the productivity of labor. For this purpose the Commissariat for Public Health established already in 1918 the center of the Soviet cure: A CENTRAL STATE INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE and this one performs all scientific and practical work in this field.

Up to date more than 20 workers' societies are organized in Moscow, and all belong to the common organization—Proletfizkult "The Ant", which is a section of the SPORTINTERNATIONAL (The Red International of Gymnastics and Sport.) The teachers, having gone though the State Institute for Physical Culture, successfully propagate the idea of physical training in hundreds of shops and factories, arousing the co-operation between the workers and the working class youth.

K. Petrov.

(Translated from Idó by A. Rostrom.)

An Unfinished Letter

By VIRGIL GEDDES

Dear Comrade, do not be alarmed.
The nights are dark and still,
But our few hours are lit
By one consuming rhythm.
The rhythm of a soundless poise,
That plays upon our ears
And penetrates beyond
Silence, sound and ears.
Not with vague enumerations,
Or indifferent proposals of love,
Does this still dream entice
Our youth blood to its side.
It is the percussion of wings,
Of movement and of sound;
The rhythm of an accelerated poise
Whose unused words imply
That there is one great virtue,
The virtue of turning bold.

Dear Comrades, our hopes are more
Than what we merely dream.
The fingers of our hands grow warm
And reach for this old woman
Passing by my door.
Her face is the color of the street
On which she walks, with one lean shoulder
Lower than the other.
Her head is tossed
Obliquely to one side, as though she knew
That what we see in her bleak figure
It not all.
She, also, carries in her heart
That soundless poise.

Dear Comrades, let us not lie still.
Let us be an unstilled movement,
Rushing to the dawn.
Let the words we feel
Flow out in tumultuous accents,
Spacious and benign.
Let us unfold ourselves
Into the long forgotten
Meaning of a word
Which is spelled the same as "Freedom."

An Old Tale Retold

By S. F. J. L.

THERE was once an immense giant. He was so great when he stood erect his head reached above the clouds so that the boundless universe was never hidden from him unless he kneeled or lay down to sleep. But he had been taught humility so he spent most of his time on his knees even when he was working.

He was so strong that it was easy for him to produce enough of everything to eat and all that was needed for himself, and still there was plenty left for a swarm of little creatures who lived near by and made incessant war upon him. To this war he never paid much attention as long as he could bear the pain of their attacks because he had been taught that God made them to enjoy what he produced, and if he ever injured one of them, the wrath of God would destroy him forever.

Consequently, in spite of their littleness they were very impudent and cruel in their treatment of him. They would climb upon him and stick pins into his flesh, then laugh at his pain. When he lay down to sleep they would swarm over him like vermin. Some would pluck hairs out of his head, some would try to gouge his eyes out. They would bring stones and stuff them into his nostrils so that he could not breathe, and when he opened his mouth they would pour bitter and

poisonous liquids down his throat. They were always afraid of the time when his anger would overcome his fear, because they knew that with one sweep of his hand he could destroy them all whenever he chose to do so. If they had been kind to him, in his ignorance he would have fed and petted them to the end of time. But kindness was not in their nature; they knew nothing but hatred, lies, tyranny and the laughter of scorn.

So they imagined then safety lay in deceiving, abusing and keeping him afraid. Often while he slept they would carry off all the food or spoil it with filth so that he could not eat. Then he would sometimes be a little angry and refuse to work or produce until they would bring back his share; but if they ever brought any back it would be so little or so poor and dirty that it did him no good, and at last groaning with hunger and pain he would go back to his work.

Unhappily, the story of this good-natured giant ends here for the present, because he has not yet learned that he has nothing really to fear from these little creatures if he will only use his hands to destroy them. But there is a frown upon his brow to-day and a sound like thunder from his chest. Tomorrow maybe he will defend himself.

Judicial Murder in America

By HERBERT ZAM

IT used to be a proud boast of Americans that the United States was the most democratic country in the world. By this an intelligent worker understood that in America the class character of the government was so cleverly concealed, that from a superficial examination, one would be led to believe that it was really serving the interests of the "people."

This myth has been shattered by what have become the three most notorious cases of judicial murder ever perpetrated.

There have been cases of manufactured evidence before; cases of intimidated juries, of bought prosecutors. But never before has the intimidation been so open, the manufacturing of evidence so plain, the buying of prosecutors such a matter of common knowledge, as in the Mooney, Sacco-Vanzetti and Centralia cases.

Tom Mooney and Warren Billings were found guilty of throwing a bomb during a preparedness-day parade; found guilty under circumstances which would have convicted the most innocent of men. Today the whole world knows that Mooney and Billings are innocent: the prosecutors admit it; the chief witnesses have filed affidavits telling how they were instructed by the prosecuting attorney on what to say. The President of the United States has requested the governor to grant a pardon.

Yet Mooney and Billings remain in jail and a new trial is persistently refused.

The American Labor movement had almost forgotten the Mooney-Billings tragedy when two events occurred which roughly shook it up. These were the Centralia and Sacco-Vanzetti cases.

On November 11th, 1919, during an armistice parade in Centralia, Wash., just when the parade had passed the I. W. W. headquarters, a group of members of the American Legion rushed into the hall with the intention of raiding it, beating up the occupants, and destroying the property. Twice before had they done this and had found easy sailing. This time they expected some more "fun". They got it. As they smashed in the door they were met by a shower of bullets. Their leader immediately dropped with a bullet in his abdomen and died later. Several others of the attackers were wounded.

The I. W. W. members took refuge in a sort of ice-box and later surrendered to the police. All this is of no consequence. What interests us is: The I. W. W. were defending themselves and their property against assault. It is evident that any killing done by them was done in self-defence. That also is of no present concern. We are interested in the trial and conviction of the I. W. W.

Five of them were found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to from 25-40 years—the maximum penalty, although the jury had handed in a petition for leniency. Two were freed and one was adjudged insane.

About one year after the trial five of the jurors filed affidavits saying that they believe the men to have been NOT GUILTY; that they voted guilty thru intimidation and thru the fear that "an acquittal would have resulted in the immediate lynching of all defendants by the 60 armed Legionnaires who were present."

And yet, in spite of this evidence a new trial is refused the men.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case presents an even more gruesome aspect. In this case it is the jurymen who retract—it is the chief witnesses of the prosecution.

Mrs. Lola Andrews upon whose positive identification of Vanzetti the prosecution based much of its case has filed an affidavit saying that she was intimidated by District Attorney Katzman and the police officials into giving her testimony and that she was carefully coached in all she was to say.

We cannot here enumerate all the instances of perjury, lying and intimidation used by the prosecution to prove their cases.

These few examples are sufficient.

The interest in the cases seems to be dying down. This would be a crime on the part of the working-class. We urge all radical papers to constantly keep these cases before the workers, especially in view of the present Communist trial at Michigan.

Let the working class remember that these victims of capitalist judicial murder are still in jail and that attempts may be made to repeat these cases.

Creating "Interest" in Our League

By MORRIS PASTERNAK

CONSIDERABLE experience in our league as a result of profound interest and study of the progress and retrogression of various branches of the league, has brought me to the definite conclusion that the greatest contributory cause to success or failure is that of education. Almost invariably a branch will prosper when a sound educational program—realistic, but not too dogmatically adhering to the detailed letter of the national program, nor too flipant to serve as a bait for those who have no interest in the basic principles of our league. It is therefore necessary to pay strict attention to the

changing methods which some branches are pursuing along their educational work.

Individual branches dealing with educational matters should adhere tenaciously to the problem confronting that particular branch. The usual error made is in discussing national educational propositions instead of details each branch faces. True, the general nature of the national organization's educational policy must always be borne in mind, yet the comrades must realize that a broad program cannot be applied to every branch in the organization with good results. A New York branch will have to approach the problem differently

than a branch out in Oregon, for in New York the element is radically different.

In discussing the matter of education from the point of view of some individual branch is quite a problem. The general economic conditions of the individuals comprising the branch must first be considered. Usually the membership of one branch is almost wholly workingclass while that of others is "intellectual," i. e., high school or college students. There are drawbacks to both such groupings. However, we cannot help ourselves, for these are the conditions under which we must work. The objections to student groups are numerous, chief among which is the fact that although they originate from proletarian parents, they are bourgeois minded almost without an exception. The difficulties with such elements are enormous. While they are actually under the influence of their bourgeois training they themselves think that they are not.

There is a general cry to make the business, educational and social meetings interesting. Very well! How is this to be done? Some suggest literature and dramatics, others athletics, etc. What is the value of these suggestions? Let us discuss them singly. First, as to literature, i. e., for branches to take up the systematic study of literature from the Marxian point of view.

Literature, art, music, the theatre are wonderful things. This no sensible person will deny. But "what in hell has this to do with the class struggle," as my friend in Seattle would say. The Young Yorkers League is supposed to be an organization of young workers to teach them to understand their class position in society. True enough, but, some may ask, "is there no educational value in proletarian literature?" There undoubtedly is. The difficulty with proletarian literature lies in the fact that it requires a thorough student of Marxism and practical experience in the

class struggle not to fall into the quagmire of bourgeois literature. This is the danger. A branch may in all earnestness go into the work of proletarian literature and in the end find itself so muddled with innumerable methods of interpretations that very little good will result in the broad understanding that literature is directly influenced by economic forces. Thus defeating the very purpose of the project. An occasional lecture on literature by a capable comrade and general discussion following would be well. Or a discussion on a particularly interesting book closely related with the class struggle would also excellently serve to supply that interest which seems to be lacking.

As to dramatics—this is a field that we must encourage. For dramatics is a very efficient method with which to carry on our propaganda. These dramatic groups once they are formed will serve to foster a closer social relation between the members. Moreover, most of the preparatory work is done outside of the league activities, thus taking away very little time from the organization.

Athletics is one item no American young workers organization has tackled properly. Its importance lies in the very obvious fact that it is a means of attracting the American young worker. We will never reach his ear without some sort of interest, which to him is athletics. Look at the Y. M. C. A.'s and the kindred organizations! They all have their "gyms" or at least a basketball court and a dance floor. We, too, can have these elementary necessities. It is very simple to convert a back yard into a basketball court, with very little expense. There is no reason whatsoever for us not beating them at their own game. We must Americanize the Y. W. L.

With above innovations properly carried out our league will become a factor in the American youth movement.

"Jazzophobia"

By THURBER LEWIS

"CAN the High-brow stuff, gimme Jazz," — thus Young America. The Saxophone displaces the Harpsichord; Irving Berlin is the Idol of the hour, the slogan of the Young "Jazz 'em up". Our Youth is Jazz-Crazy.

But the Jazz Dementia is something more than partial insanity over the syncopation that is called Jazz "music". The "music" is only its expression. The Jazz spirit goes farther than Saxaphones, Toddles and Blue Melodies. The psycho-analyst may tell you it's a complex, but whatever it is, it has soaked so completely into the youngsters that their every act, their very life is colored by it.

Jazz Music is carefree, voluptuous, savage and finds a ready home in bodies that like rather to feel than to think; so with the Jazz Spirit. At present our youth is more care-free, more voluptuous, at least outwardly so, and sneers more at thinking and brain work than at any other stage of the American Game.

The attitude of the Youth toward everything is a Jazz Attitude (Newspapers) "Take the Book-review, hand me the Funny Sheet"; (Magazines) "Snappy Stories" is what I like"; (The Dance) Lay off the stiff-toe stuff, shake 'em up Girlie"; (Books) "I'll tell the World Rex Beach's gottem all skinned"; (Stage) "They

ain't no Actress can hold a candle to Mary Pickford"; (Politics) "I ballot for the Bird that brings back the Booze"; (At the Recital) "Why in Hell don't they play Sumpin Snappy"; (At Union Meeting) "All this outfit does is grab off your Jack and waste your time"; (In the Shop) "Wish I had the cush the Old Man's got"; or rebelliously, "Some day I'm gonna be my own Boss"; and so on through all conditions of life.

Born of combination of Syncopation, the War, Movies, Prohibition, Comic-strips and Public School "Educations", the Jazz-Spirit is on the way to making our Youth into a Nation of Flappers and Cake-eaters.

Taken by and large, the young Jazz-saturated Herd forms the most reactionary section of the American working-class—to say nothing of the Middle-classes. But it is comforting to know that they are unconsciously so; they are re-actionary for two reasons; they don't know how to be anything else, and they are Jazzists. Jazzism is coming to be as re-actionary a force in America as Fascism is in Italy.

But even from our point of view, which I may say is an exacting one, the Youngsters have their saving graces.

With an eye for Newspaper Cartoons and New Fashions in clothes, one is led to say that our flappers

are becoming more masculine and our Cake-eaters more feminine. But not so. Femininity and masculinity can be measured only with the sexual yard-stick. In this respect it is certainly true that our Youth is coming more and more to exert its womanhood and manhood in open defiance of the conventional, the Bourgeois Code dictates for workers. This boldness is, in most cases, stained with vulgarity to be sure, but nevertheless it is one of the few healthy signs and may be chalked down to the account of the Jazz-Spirit.

Then, too, there is a certain, though often affected sophistication about the Modern Jazzist that contrasts favorably over and against the bashful, knuckling-down stupid rurality that used to be a universal earmark of the Young. That too is healthy.

I said the Jazz-Spirit is Carefree. When one is carefree one does not take well to the cares and worries of industry. It is not uncommon to hear the Masters praying for the "Good Old Days" when Youngsters were more "staid and upright and dependable". Considering Industry as it is, you sympathize with their carelessness; but at the same time you remember that careless people make bad revolutionists. So that on this score the round is about even.

Jazzism disregards Religion. While our luxury-loving Aristocracy is able to summon the gall that permits them to break several commandments during the week only to sit in costly pews of atonement of a Sunday, the younger generation, despite the example of their Betters, doesn't seem to feel the need of such hypocritical methods of balming one's conscience. Either that or they are too tired from Saturday night Jazzing; they don't take to Jesus. Never has their been a more irreligious Younger Generation than ours. That's a healthy sign.

Politically, Jazzism is a non-entity. Andy Gump for President and Jiggs for Vice-President would doubtless be its political choice. The average Youngster thinks the Lever Act is a vaudeville performance and for all he knows the Communist Party may be the Left Wing of the Ku Klux Klan.

From the point of view of Working-class organization Jazzism is a factor; a negative factor. The Jazzist puts the finishing touches to the day's labor with, "Let's see, what've I got on To-night". Then he thinks of Flapper Lizzy or Flapper Fanny and she thinks of Cake-eater Harry or Cake-eater Johnny. And he remembers he has a "date" with Flapper Lizzy or Flapper Fanny for a "wild old time" at Alvarado's House of Jazz and he counts his change and calls over to Tom at the next desk, or bench, or machine and asks Tom if he knows where he can get some "Good Stuff". And She remembers that Cake-eater Harry or Cake-eater Johnny has asked her out to a "Breezy evening" at Alvarado's House of Jazz and she calls over to Mary at the next bench or desk or machine and asks Mary if she knows whether or not you can "do the Stuff" at Alvarado's.

If the shop, or whatever it is, happens to be organized, He and She have always to think of Lizzy and Fanny and Johnny and Harry before a Union Meeting. If the shop, or whatever it is, is not organized, fancy the merry time you would have organizing it.

Whether or not a good "Hard Times" jolt would wake the Jazzist up, one cannot say. He has never had a good jolt; he is a comparatively recent creature. Whether or not he can dance until "Three

o'clock in the Morning" on an empty stomach is yet to be seen. He's still wearing the silk shirt that the war gave him. He still has enough to be able to deaden the workday grind with a nip of bum gin or moonshine and still enough to pay the entrance fee at Alvarado's. But it is not too much to prophecy that the test of his Jazzism will soon come. Unless Trotzky and Lloyd George are wrong he will very quickly get an economic jolt that will necessitate his learning to dance all over again when "Good Times" return—if ever they do.

It's notable that many of our dignified, cerebral young Marxists are themselves guilty of periodical sprees of Jazzism. (I, and I know others, cannot plead exclusion; given a likely Maid, a slippery floor and a whining "Sax", I, and I know others, am in the Seventh Heaven of delight.) But I say periodically. It's in the Young Blood; hard to break. Very often one must reread the Communist Manifesto several times over to reassure oneself.

But after all, this may be a happy condition, it may be the key to the dissolution of Jazzism. "Boring from within" is quite the fashion in our Movement nowadays. Perhaps we can exploit this taint of Jazzism most of us find in our veins. Perhaps that's the way we can get "contact with the Masses" (another fashion). But we must be very careful; the Jazz Spirit has a way of picking you up and carrying you off.

I can foresee the possibility of the slide trombone and the "Sax" becoming established as a medium for our "penetrating" the young herd. I can foresee the possibility of our using the very fountain of Jazz as a means for converting the Jazzist.

Permit me to dream: We have established contact with the Broad Jazzist Masses by giving them what they want; all the time we are very subtly and deftly selling our wares. Then the economic jolt comes and they flop like wind-fallen fruit into our waiting laps. So much for a dream.

I don't commit myself to any concrete proposals; such things are dangerous (considering the subject-matter). I merely throw out the suggestion.

A Thought Provoking Situation and a Suggestion

By MAX SHACHTMAN

IT is very well for young class-conscious workers to despise, to sneer at and hold aloof from that curious species of American youth which is variously known under the names of "flapper," "cake-eater" and so forth. It would be better yet if we should try to understand the causes of this peculiar phenomenon and seek some ways and means to prevent the "flower of American civilization" from falling under the baneful influence of complete unconsciousness to the issues that should affect them.

I see this amazing movement of flapperism as a blind revolt against the bourgeois standards of morals, a defiant sloughing off of carefully and painfully instilled laws of proper behavior and conventionality.

Before the war, the young were chained, subdued, and meekly followed the precepts of their elders. There were, no doubt, sporadic rebellions, but they were insignificant. The war, with its drafting of youngsters, (comparatively speaking), with its plac-

ing of girls in industries and offices, was the first event of importance to pierce the thin fabric of female dependence on the earnings of men. When "Our Boys" came back, girls remained at their posts, continued to work and maintained at least an economic independence of greater proportions than ever before. The forces let loose by the great slaughter, also was instrumental in creating a certain laxity of the "Laws of Morality." Youth began to demand more freedom and the small privileges uneasily allowed by the elders were soon made insignificant by the ever increasing boldness with which the audacious ones characterized their actions.

The change is nothing short of breath-taking. Where the innocent lambs had gambolled, the goats now danced hectically. A new terminology was formed. "Flappers," "Petting Parties," and the rest of their slang, was soon made common speech. The moral guardians became alarmed and groaned their jeremiads, but the effect was nothing if not great—and it was not great . . . It was a veritable revolt of the angels.

Do not mistake me: I have no illusions on the subject of the predominant element of our American youth. I know that they are for the most part immune to an original thought, vaccinated against an idea of any sort, and like butterflies they skim from one flower to another in a perpetual, futile search for new sensations, that they are, perhaps, worse. But I do say this: stubborn movement against **something**, something which is not very clear to them. The movement is blind, indefinite; but it is colossal, a revolt against That Which Is. We must recognize it; we must face it; we must sympathize it; we must seek to divert it into effective channels.

When the West Virginia miners rise in wrath with rifles in hand, they do not do it because they have read a thesis. They revolt blindly against the State, and though it is temporarily futile, we, Communists, try

to show them the right road, the right hour to strike against the ROOT of the evil. When miners in Herrin rid the world of that superfluous vileness known as a Scab, we know that they will not thereby free themselves from Capitalism, but we laud their heroism and point out to them the same roads as to the rest of blind Labor. They know nothing of heroism, as yet; but their deeds are worth more to the cause of Freedom, than a secluded hermit who knows "Das Kapital" backwards and can refute all the anti-Marxists from Boehm-Bawerk to Simkhovitch.

Of course, I do not compare these acts with the acts of the "flappers." But both are revolts, whatever the difference in quality.

There is a tendency in our League to ignore this problem, to blind ourselves, ostrich-like, to this widespread movement, or to dismiss it in cavalier fashion, with a choice epithet. I believe that we have here an unparalleled opportunity. A mass revolt of Youth, blind as moles, but retaining the cornea and the nerves. We must operate skilfully on those whom it is possible to rescue haziness and bring a light to their minds that will draw them to our movement. The very last we can do is to discuss the situation seriously—exhaustively and seek somehow whereby we may do some effective work in the right direction.

When Youth laughs at the correct-thinkers, at the conservative moralists, at the Guardians of the Sacred Conventions, there is something doing. If they will not listen to their elders, they will listen to the people of their own age, to those who TRY to understand them.

I repeat: I have no fatuous illusions. But there is a tidal wave which the hoary Archangels are trying to stem with aged, worn words. We must mount the wave, and guide it into the right channels. Even if we succeed in diverting only a few streams, our efforts will surely not have been fruitless.

They are blind! It is up to us to see clearly . . .

A Summer Celebration

By SIMON FELSHIN

SUMMER in Germany. Clouds nevertheless. The monarchists are on the rumpus. The Social Democrats are in the saddle and the Kaiserites want to get back into it. But it was a beautiful summer in spite of clouds of reaction. This was last summer, when I was in Berlin.

Forces of reaction holding sport festivals, parades in some cities, blood is shed—workingmen's blood again. It is a week before the murder of Herr Rathenau, who was too liberal for the "Vaterland bunds." The air was charged with electricity, as the saying goes.

But youth will celebrate in summer, come what may. Communist youth defies clouds, especially if they are only figurative clouds of reaction. When the ancient festival of "Sonnenwende" approached in June of last year, the Communist youth of Berlin and suburbs prepared to celebrate. "Sonnenwende" is an old pagan festival which has survived. It means summer solstice—the sun reaches its zenith and begins to decline. Midsummer. This festival is universally celebrated in Germany. The Communists always believe in being in on holidays.

The day arrived, and it was clouded in the full sense of the word—figurative clouds of reaction, and real

clouds in the sky. Nevertheless, great joy. Triumphant start with red flags carried through streets. Singing revolutionary songs. Dogtents and paraphernalia for hiking, carried on backs of sturdy German Jugend. Children's groups also, all marching in disciplined ranks toward the railroad station. Great crowd at the station. At all stations, fresh loads of young people from the suburbs board the train.

Arrived at Pichelsberg. Tents are pitched everywhere on the hill which overlooks a number of lakes. Merriment. Dancing in circles, leaping, singing, shouting, running about. Folkdances everywhere. Games being played. Joy of youth unrestrained. Girls' hair flying in the wind. Not much clothes worn. Many put on bathing suits. Many barefooted. All hatless. Esprit de corps. Strumming of mandolins. Choruses rising above the noise. Lanterns hung up. Calls of recognition in the darkness. I come across Max Barthel, the young proletarian poet, and we talk a great deal.

I went off to a café, which was at some distance, and had something to eat. It was drizzling, but nobody seemed to mind. There was a dance-hall, where a reactionary organization was holding a dance to celebrate

the same festival in their own way. It looked as if there would be trouble from these "Spiessburger," as some of them were getting drunk and abusive, and especially as the children were later to be lodged for the night in a hall adjacent to the dance hall, and young Communists were to be placed on guard.

The Big Ceremony.

The time was approaching for the big ceremony, and I went back up the hill to the tents. All were waiting for midnight for the big ceremony to come off. The moment arrived. Everybody in the rush. In the center there was an immense pile of logs. A huge bonfire. All gathered around. Shining faces. The speaking-chorus recites. Powerful young voices. Revolutionary utterances rise and fall. Then a young Communist speaks. One of the leaders. His shirt is open at the throat. He is very young. More wood is thrown into the blaze. The young Communist talks about the monarchists, and about the capitalists who hide behind them and urge them on. He mentions Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Stinnes, and cries of anger rise. His words are prophetic, for a week later the monarchists assassinated Rathenau. It is a thrilling sight. The young Communist leader standing besides the blazing fire, and his words rising out of the flame. He calls for courage, for resistance against the forces of reaction. He ends with a quotation from a revolutionary song, which calls upon the workers to mount the barricades for the last struggle.

In that one scene is compressed all the drama, all the enthusiasm, the thrill of the fight led by the proletarian youth against the bourgeoisie. When the speech ends there is dancing around the fire, in rounds, madly, holding hands, many fall and get up again, but go right on around and around, a mad dance, a dance of you and youth.

We then broke up into groups. The games, the singing, the folk dances—everything was resumed, in spite of the drizzle. To my joy I found my friends, Louis Lozowick, a young American artist, and Richard Janus, one of the editors of the Berlin Rote Fahne. They were tired and they lay down by the fire.

Dawn and Excitement.

Dawn was beginning to break. Suddenly there was an alarm. Everybody was running down the hill towards the resort where the dancing was going on in the hall. The calmer ones were shouting, "Don't let yourself be provoked." Evidently there was trouble from the crowd in the dance hall. One big fellow of the young Communists was running with his hand in his hip pocket, evidently grasping a revolver. Perhaps there would even be bloodshed. Arrived at the dance hall no one seemed to know exactly what had happened. Insults had been bandied about. The calm ones among us were still pleading, "Go back. Don't let yourselves be provoked." As a matter of fact it is the pet diversion of the reactionaries in Germany to provoke the radicals, only to shoot them down afterwards.

But among the Communist youth there are a lot of hot-heads, and they will brook no insults from anyone. There are a number of regular rebels with long hair, some from the German Communist Labor Party, the leftists, who even look for a fight, if it is against the hated capitalists or monarchists. One young Communist insisted that he had heard somebody telephoning for the police. A fat German citizen is heaving abuse on the young Communists. He is saying, "Uner-

hört. Die sind doch unserer Kinder, unsere Kinder, und haben kein Respekt." A young Communist calls out, "The world belongs to the workers." Excitement. Running to and fro. The police might come at any moment. Insults hurled from both sides. Intense feeling, due partly to the campaign of hatred and persecution, of open defiance carried on for weeks previously, by all the most sinister reactionary sections of the German population. There might be a fight. Blood might be shed. The children were sleeping in the adjacent hall, and they must be guarded.

The calm ones pleaded for caution. After a long time all were prevailed upon to return. It was morning when I returned up the hill. A motley group of sleepers was lying around the fire, in all kinds of ludicrous postures, among them my two friends. With the coming of morning everybody awoke.

Eats, More Dancing and Rain.

Coffee was boiled on the fire. The morning revealed the landscape, which was beautiful in spite of the dark clouds overhead. Though it was chilly, many went bathing. Merriment again. Dancing had been going on sporadically all night. The rest resumed their activities. The folk-dances were the most interesting. Preparations made to stay the whole day. But soon it began to rain heavily. Everything spoiled. We went to a tent, but were driven out. Only Richard Janus remained, as he could not be moved, sleeping the sleep of the just.

Lozowick and I went about in the rain until we encountered a young Communist by the name of Erich, whose acquaintance I had made earlier. He invited us into his tent, insisting that we stay and take a nap. As the tent was small, he and a friend of his, who had been staying in the tent, went off in the rain to find some other place of shelter. Such is Communist hospitality.



A Youth Demonstration in Perm, Russia

(Continued from page 14.)

life, the Sporting life and by understanding and gaining the confidence of the "fan" that we can prepare him to accept our message. Like every phase of life under capitalism, sports and athletics have become commercialized, and graft and deception is the order of the day, thus affording the movement a splendid opportunity of winning over the very life that the labor movement is so sorely in need of—young, robust, virile, fighting proletarian who is a victim of capitalist exploitation, but once his eyes are opened and he becomes class-conscious he is swift in reaching against injustice.

Jail Impressions

By A. THORNE

THE first day of my sentence stretched immeasurably. Before the morning was over, the fact that I was an I. W. W. was already known, not only by the officials, but to the prisoners as well. Shortly after breakfast I was summoned before the assistant superintendent of the penitentiary; to what purpose I do not know to this day. Perhaps he was curious to see what a Wobbly looked like, or it may be that it was his praiseworthy intention to convince me of the fallacy of bomb-throwing. He was disappointed in either case; my appearance did not justify the popular press conception of a Wobbly, nor did I insist that bomb-throwing was a part of I. W. W. activities. In fact I assured him that we were the most peaceful creatures on earth, and that it was only for the love of peace that we had banded together. He remained unconvinced; and still doubtful, he nevertheless dismissed me. I was only too glad to be relieved of his presence.

I was then delivered to the finger print expert, photographer, bath-house, barber—every place but the manicurist, however I had had enough and bore no grudge against them for overlooking that part of my toilet.

When I was thoroly cleaned, I was locked once more into my cell. I examined the inscriptions scrawled all over the walls; "Red Mike from Orleans—6 months," "Slim Pete from Niagara Falls—90 days" and so on read these boastful proclamations. My further perusal of the various inscriptions was cut short by the appearance of the head-hallman, who unlocked my cell and who was immediately followed by the dinner-bell.

It was a young bunch of lads I found myself amongst at the dinner-table. Boys between the ages of 16 and 21 (all of this age were separated from the older prisoners into a different building). I was the center of attention. They too had heard of that terrible band of I. W. W.'s and here was one in their very midst—needless to say, I was considered a worthy addition to their company.

I attempted to eat, but the incalculable number of flies that floated about in the soup did not in the least sharpen my already dull appetite. My neighbors were also generally quite scrupulous, almost all took pains to eliminate the more audacious ones,—those that persisted in remaining on the surface. One fellow, however, paid little heed to them. They even seemed to

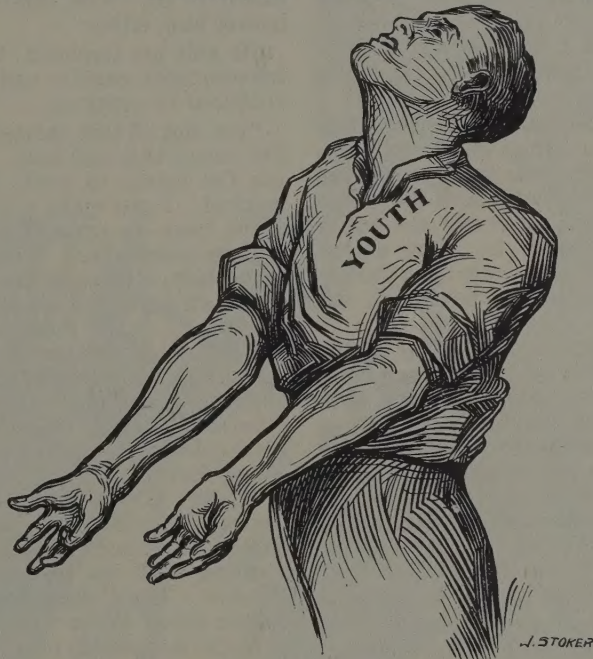
agree with his culinary taste. He would insert into his mouth a spoonful of soup with a generous sprinkling of flies, and grimaced deliciously, to the infinite delight of the rest.

When the dinner was over, and by the time we had scrubbed the floor, the steam whistle shrilly announced that it was time to return to work in the various shops of the prison. At the last minute, when the lines were already formed to march to the shops, the screw informed me that I belonged on the tailors line. I did

not question, argue, or contradict. I inwardly wondered, however, at their decision to make a tailor of me, when I had quite plainly and distinctly registered as a machinist. But the deeds of the wise are not to be questioned, and once having grasped that great truth I silently marched on with the rest wondering what sort of a tailor I would make.

The tailor shop was an old, ramshackle, oblong building in the middle of the yard, resembling more closely a barn than a factory. The inside was even more antiquated than the outside suggested, especially in so far as the method of production was concerned. Of the 100 odd inmates that worked there, only about 10 per cent operated machines—the rest worked by hand, to which group the writer was added.

For my part, I was satisfied with the work to which I had been assigned, not because I preferred hand-work to machine, but because hand-work offered more opportunity of doing underhand work, which surely was manifold amongst my co-workers. I personally contrived to spend most of the eight hours in shop with one eye on the bible or a dictionary (the only literature available) and with the other on look-out for the evil spirit in uniform, generally known as the inspector. It was only late that I became wise to the fact that production was not one of the requisites very rigidly insisted upon by the prison authorities. The first afternoon I very diligently applied myself to the novel task of sewing a shirt. I wasn't very successful. Were it not for the extreme sensitiveness of my fingers I would have surely sewed them on to the shirt. Luckily I always caught the needle in time, and extricated it before the thread had yet gone through. Although I managed to get away with my fingers, with the shirt itself I had worse luck. The back of it was in no way as sensitive as my fingers, with the result that before I was aware I had stitched it on very solidly to the front.



Working class youth! What shall it be—wage slavery, misery, ignorance under capitalism or a determined struggle against the enslavers of labor and a chance to live, not as a beast of burden, but as a human being?

When the whistle blew at five o'clock, I was quite certain, that whatever be my future profession—a tailor I would surely not be.

The lines formed; those below twenty-one into one line, and the older prisoners into another. We marched again,—back to our respective “homes.” Immediately after we got into the building, we were locked in. The hall-men made the round of all the cells, and threw into each a few slices of bread, and filled each tin-cup with some strange, black fluid, that was for no reason at all referred to as coffee. I had a strong suspicion, which remains to this day, that it was the essence of chewing tobacco. Even now my throat burns at the very reminiscence of the stuff. I only wonder how I finally managed to gulp it down even with a large admixture of sugar and condensed milk. Unfortunately it did not strike me very humorously. I spilled the “coffee” into the bowl, and left the bread untouched where it lay. Instead of a meal, I smoked one cigarette after another, and ceaselessly paced back and forth through the cell.

It was to no happy accompaniment of thought, that I marched four steps one way and then the other. The oppressive monotony of the same four short steps; the heavy, iron bars in the cell door, from which there was no escape;—whose shadow stretched across the entire length of the floor and crawled up to the ceiling on the wall opposite. The thought of many more such days—lifeless days of paralyzing inactivity, uneventful, unvarying, was not at all cheerful.

I stared at some hollows in the cement floor of the cell; four of them—one, two, three, four,—my foot fitted into each. How many foot-steps it must have taken to sink these hollows into the floor! I pictured an endless line of figures marching the same unending four steps; forward and back, again and again, until the head swims, and legs bend under . . . I could see their faces, young faces, faces convulsed with anger, faces gray with despair, faces deadened with apathy . . .

Days crawled slowly by, each day like a year. The greater my desire to see them pass, the more they lingered on. But after several weeks had passed, time seemed to have grown more kind to me, and the days passed by more rapidly. I was in a way growing accustomed to the new environment. I grew more at home. I became to like and dislike many of my fellow prisoners. I have become aware that even within the walls of a prison, there was life. To me it was a new life, a new environment; to me this was a strange element I found myself amongst, an element I desired to understand. To me it was a new world, a world all of its own. A little world with its own joys and sorrows; a small world with all of the tragedy and comedy of a big one. I became part of this world. And when I was affected by the pulse of its life, the burden of imprisonment grew lighter. I could not very well forget in so short a time the other world—the big one; especially when the little one is planted in the very heart of the big world. I still felt very often all the tortures of confinement. I felt it most keenly, when loud cries, and rapid patter of children playing beyond the prison walls, echoed dully through the building. Or when the sun stole into the cell on a fine, clear morning, and tauntingly reminded me of vast, sun-embraced, open stretches of country. Or again, when the shrill, loud whistle of a locomotive or of a tug-boat plying down the river sounded into my ear. Then I painfully knew, that I was of the big world; of the world of great gigantic struggles, of the world of ceaseless activity, of the world that called me . . .

“Say, do you know what I got here in my head,” said Jim to me one day in the tailor shop. He slapped himself on the forehead, and followed it up by spitting reflectively, a streak of tobacco juice. I was interested. He was a strange type this Jim—Jim Collins of jail-breaking fame. From previous conversations I already knew his biography or at least that part of it, he thought wise to divulge.

He was an I. W. W. for a number of years. He finally grew impatient with the slow progress of the revolution, and even though “the future society was already being built within the shell of the old,” he became pessimistic of its immediate achievement, and decided to substitute the slogan “collective expropriation of the expropriators” by another one just as popular in a different sphere, “never take anything that’s nailed.” He chose safe cracking, and nails did not bother him, either.

He knit his forehead; his jaws munched the plug of tobacco more rapidly and spat several times, before he ventured to continue.

“I’m sick of this damned life. Six months more, and I’m out of this hell-hole. Then there is just one more job I’m going to pull. I’ve got the place already marked. I can make a haul of about fifteen thousand there, easy—a snap of a job. With this jack I’ll by a farm somewhere in the middle-west—a fine little cozy place; a place where all those rebels grown weary in the struggle will always find a welcome!”

Let Me Know.

I did not object to the idea. I even gave him my encouragement; to prove it, I there and then, made my application to this “rebel paradise,” and also offered several invaluable suggestions on the kinds of flowers he should grow and the sort of fruit trees his orchard should have . . .

(If any of you comrades run across somewhere in the middle-west anything resembling the “rebel paradise” described above, you will oblige by communicating with me through the office of the Young Worker. Jim Collins had for some to me unknown reason failed so far to notify me of its location.)

In the last month of my sentence, I knew most of the inmates, especially those in the “young men’s” building. I spent most of the time with them; to them I talked about the movement each time an opportunity presented itself.

One such occasion had particularly impressed me. It was evening. In the gathering dusk several inmates squattered in front of my locked cell. They were hall-men and as such had the privilege of several more hours of freedom.

It was still. The heavy, subdued stillness of a prison. A cough, a rash move, occasionally disturbed the reigning silence. The cries of shouting children reached us faintly from a-far. And some sweet melody, distant and sad, floated in with the thickening darkness. It carried with it an embracing sadness, a sadness as sad as the dusk, and as fragrant as the beautiful evening. I talked much that evening, I talked quietly and painfully. My heart ached. They also were quiet and subdued, visibly affected by the evening as much as I; they listened in seriousness, and were prompted by sincere inquisitiveness to ask an occasional question.

It was late and time for them to leave for their cells. I was left alone. I could not think of sleep. I sat down on the cot, and rolled a cigarette. I stared at its red, lonely glow. I watched its smoke, softly curling upward, multicolored in the light of a moonbeam, that found its way into my cell. I smoked and dreamed.